A WREATH OF MEMORIES

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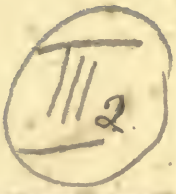

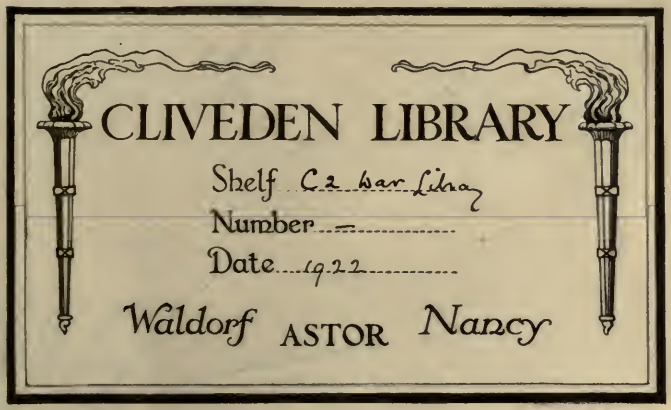

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GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN

'And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
God accept him, Christ receive him.'

TENNYSON.

1913.

A WREATH OF MEMORIES

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George Joachim Goschen

THOSE who loved George Goschen can lay no flowers on that quiet corner of the cemetery in Mesopotamia 'which is for ever England,' but many have wished for a slight record of his life, so short and yet so complete, culminating in a noble death for his country. This garland of memories is gathered by those to whom he was infinitely dear, and is specially intended for the young cousins to whom it may be an inspiration; for they may still have far to travel along life's road, and find help in the shining track of his footsteps along the way which he trod, with his face ever set forwards.

George Joachim Goschen was born on the 18th of November, 1893, at 30 Draycott Place—where his parents spent the early years of their married life. He met with a warm welcome from many; his grandparents on both sides, who were still living, and his great-grandmother, Mrs. Goschen, hailed his arrival with the greatest joy. He was christened at Seacox Heath—the home of his grandfather, on Christmas Eve, in the Church of St. Augustine, Flimwell, his names, George Joachim, being

those of his father, grandfather, and many of the family in former generations. The robe he wore had been worked by his mother's sister, Edith Graham, for her own boy, Ronald, now Sir Ronald Graham, who, with Willie Goschen and Katharine Gathorne-Hardy, was a godparent.

Christmas Eve fell on a Sunday that year, so the usual festivities were postponed until Christmas Day, when the baby was carried round the Christmas-tree clasping a silver rattle, in which was tucked a 50*l.* cheque, the gift of his great-grandmother.

Whether he noticed the shining candles and toys cannot be said, but even then he had the sweet smile that always gave a charm to his face in later years. A firstborn always seems to his own circle the most wonderful child in the world, and brings joy to his surroundings. George did this then, and the early promise never failed, for he was one of those who always brought sunshine and never willingly gave a pang to any one.

This was the first of the twenty happy Christmas-tides which George spent at Seacox surrounded by loving friends. The old nurse, Mrs. Elliot, who had been with his grandmother before she was married, still ruled the nursery, as she had done in the days of his father and aunts, and was called the grand-nannie. When she died, in 1904, she had lived for fifty years with the family. George's own nurse, who took charge

of him from the time he was a month old, was Annie Farley. She lived with the family for sixteen years, and never lost her hold on the children's affections. George wrote to her from Eton, Oxford, and India, and sent her a special present from the things he collected during a tour he made from Kamptee in 1915.

At first there was only the London home, but happy times were spent at Seacox and Hemsted, the two homes of his grandparents, where the children were always warmly welcomed. Between these two places George divided his first summer. In 1895 his father was adopted as the prospective Unionist Candidate for the East Grinstead division of Sussex, and a charming house in Ashdown Forest was lent to his father and mother for the summer months. He could just run then, and, when he arrived, toddled to the window, imitating as well as he could the cuckoo, which he heard for the first time outside. The garden opened on to the Forest, with its stretches of heather and gorse and lovely views of the Sussex Downs.

One of the best early photographs of him was taken at this place, Chelwood Beacon, against a pillar covered with honeysuckle, and with the big sable collie, Foxie, lying beside the child.

At the end of that summer his sister Phyllis was born at Seacox; only nineteen months separated the two in age, and they were close companions. In 1899 another sister, Cicely, joined the two, and from that

time on the three were bound together with a wonderful tie of love and companionship, which neither time nor distance loosened.

Of those early happy nursery days there is not much to tell. The little white-clad figures with their shining hair, grouped round the piano, singing, or playing games, are a picture not easily forgotten.

George was a very sweet-tempered child, but even then showed some decision of character. For when occasional explosions took place and he was adjured not to cry, he would reply, in his desire to oblige others but not to disappoint himself, 'Oh! very well—I won't *now*, but I shall when I get upstairs into the nurseries.'

He always had as a child an extraordinary desire to give pleasure to others even at the cost of a cherished wish—as once when his father asked him to walk down to the farm and the child accepted with alacrity, and then became rather silent and two large tears rolled down his cheeks, because he really had arranged some special game with the sisters and only went to please his father. As the years passed he grew into a slender boy—not very robust—without much colour, and with a thoughtful look in his big dark eyes. He spoke slowly, with almost a slight drawl; but at the same time he was highly strung, with a nervous temperament, and it was always a joke against him that when he was very excited he would jump two or three times into the air.

He was of a thoughtful and pensive disposition, and at an early age showed a liking for books which grew upon him as time went on. He had a good memory for what he read and decided views as to what appealed to him.

He must have been almost eight years old when he said once that he liked so much the verse of the 'Benedictus'—'to guide our feet into the way of peace'—and his mother wrote it in the Bible that went to school with him.

During his career at his private school, and afterwards at Eton, literature was his favourite subject, and his essays were always extremely good. He was still a very small boy when he wrote the following lines for his Sunday questions:

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

'For Thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it Thee: Thou delightest not in burnt offering.'

Lo! on the temple gate the box receives
The gold and silver that the rich man leaves,
With scarce a pang doth he from money part,
Yet gives it not with any warmth of heart.

When lo! a widow clad in black appears,
Her look is sad, her eyes are filled with tears;

Yet in the box that hangeth on the wall
Without regret she pours her little all.

'Now more than all of these,' said Christ, 'hath she
Cast in the box in her humility' . . .
For they from out their riches, yet not glad,
While of her want she cast in all she had.

The Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria stands out as a great occasion in those early days. Mr. Goschen was then First Lord of the Admiralty, and the procession passed close by the Admiralty Gardens. George and his sister spent the day there. George was dressed in a man-o'-war suit, and was supremely happy, walking hand in hand with his grandfather across the parade-ground before the procession came, and keenly interested in the splendid pageant. He sat between his mother and grandmother, on seats erected under the shady trees, and was enchanted when Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, graciously kissed her hand to Mrs. Goschen in passing. A photograph of the three generations taken that summer remains a slight record of that day, which George always remembered. In 1901 he watched the coffin of the great Queen-Empress pass through London to its last resting-place with solemn eyes, and went home to draw a long picture of the procession—wonderfully accurate for a child—to send to his grandfather, Lord Cranbrook, because, as

he said, 'it was such a pity grandpapa could not be there.'

After Lord Cranbrook's death the little drawing was found, carefully preserved, amongst his treasures.

In 1897 Lady Cranbrook died, and in the February following Mrs. Goschen. Both had been tenderly attached to the children and infinitely good to them.

In 1902 he was page to his cousin, Violet Gathorne-Hardy, at her marriage with Ernest Crawley, and carried himself with great dignity. He wore a pale green cloth suit with shoes and stockings to match, and a white satin waistcoat and lace ruffles—this was a great resource for fancy-dress children's parties until he outgrew it. Phyllis was a bridesmaid at the same time.

At ten years old George began his school life at Ludgrove with Mr. G. O. Smith, where he was very happy. The day he went he kept up a good courage, but the little sisters were left in floods of tears.

When he first went to Ludgrove he took a low place, rather to the disappointment of his elders, who had higher expectations; but he rose rapidly after the second term.

A rather delicate physique and nervousness prevented him at first from showing that he possessed a considerable amount of knowledge, and he had to shake down in the new life before his steady work told. Even at first he was friendly with masters and boys,

and wrote home that 'he was the only new boy who had not blubbed'; and that he liked school 'awffly.' History and literature were the subjects he really liked, and at the end of the term he was first in his division in history, also in catechism—although low down in classics and mathematics. From his earliest days he was fond of drawing, and his pencil was always a great resource to him during his life, and gave great pleasure to his friends, to whom his caricatures were a constant source of amusement.

His letters from India, 1915, often contained sketches of his brother officers and of incidents which appealed to his humour, and the Complaint Book of the Regimental Mess, of which he was President, was full of humorous verses written and delightfully illustrated by him.

His school reports all speak of his neatness in work and evident desire to do his best, and at the end of the second term he had made great progress. Mr. G. O. Smith wrote to his mother:

'I am very glad George did so well in his work last term. It is most creditable and I thought you would be delighted. I don't wish to flatter you or him, but I am even more pleased with George than with his work. He is such a nice boy, and I look forward to the time when he will be one of the leading boys at Ludgrove, and I feel sure that he will be a great help to me then.

A school depends so much on its leading boys, and I am very glad to think that George is always such a reliable and steady boy—I feel sure I shall owe him a great deal before he goes to Eton.'

When the strangeness had worn off, the boy took a double remove, which gave great pleasure to his father and mother and his grandfather, Lord Goschen, who gave him, in memory of the occasion, an illustrated history in six volumes which he had long admired.

Mr. G. O. Smith wrote: 'You may be justly proud of him.'

There were delightful times when the family used to drive to Ludgrove and spend the afternoon talking and wandering about in the garden. There was a special summer-house, where one of the amusements was to see how many articles George carried in his pockets. Seventeen were counted on one occasion, about ten of which were family letters, which soon accumulated, as his mother always wrote on alternate days, unless any other member of the family was writing.

His dormitory was shared with two friends, Frederick and Wilfrid Beaumont Nesbitt, nicknamed the 'Paddies.' They remember that he used to tell them stories at night after lights were out, for he had a vivid imagination. One or two recollections remain of those days. Once a new boy was put into their room, and they had been asked to be kind to him. George's

mother asked, when next she saw him, if he had made the newcomer any happier. George answered, doubtfully: 'Well, he would lie in bed and sniffle, so we said, "For goodness' sake cry if you want to, but don't sniff."' The boy was made happier afterwards by being put with a cousin and soon settled down, and it was recognised that recommendations of that sort were not of much avail when George said, at the end of the holidays, 'Please, mother, don't send me any more little boys to be kind to if you can help it.'

The little sisters loved the expeditions to Ludgrove, and though they seldom saw the other boys, except in the distance or at the rather solemn general tea, there were one or two amusing incidents with other boys during the school-days.

One boy, who had never spoken to them, said to George, 'When I grow up, I shall marry your sister' —alluding to the older one. 'Oh, no, you won't,' answered he heartlessly, 'for I don't want you for a brother-in-law.' The Paddies were overheard by their mother in the holidays discussing the same subject, the younger saying, 'I know you asked her, whatever you say' (the soft impeachment having been denied), 'because I asked George if I could have her, and he said, "No, I'm sorry you can't, because your major's got her."'

Mr. G. O. Smith came to stay at Seacox once in the holidays. He was always a true and good friend

and very much attached to the boy. George had a rather slow way of speaking, and Mr. Smith's amusement was great when, on asking George what his idea for the future was, he answered, with the little pause for thought that was so characteristic, 'I think I should like to be an Orator.'

Many parents used to meet on the platform at King's Cross at the beginning and end of holidays, when a stream of small boys poured from the train, looking so much alike that even the most devoted parents could not pick out their offspring until they were close at hand and the joy of meeting took place.

During the Ludgrove days in 1904, Lord Goschen was made Chancellor of Oxford University, a well-deserved honour, and one which he always said gave him almost more delight than any of the many he received. In June of that year he made his first official appearance in Oxford at the Encænia, and his two grandsons, George Goschen and Dennis Roche, acted as his train-bearers, in black Court suits of velvet, with lace ruffles, cocked hats and buckled shoes. It was a wonderful time for the boys, their first sight of that most beautiful city in all the loveliness of June. They were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Thomson, of Oriel, and the kind hostess, who had sons of her own, gave them a room looking into the 'High,' where they sat entranced. They spent their first afternoon going over various colleges and their gardens, and walking by the river,

where they were very interested in watching college eights rowing their courses. George always loved Oxford from that day; he was keenly appreciative of its beauty and traditions, and his two years at Christ Church before the War were amongst the happiest of his life. The procession through the town in the bright June sunshine was a memorable sight, the Doctors' robes giving a brilliant splash of colour. The ceremony of the Encænia in the Sheldonian Theatre, being all in Latin, was a little long for the boys, but George's father and a beadle each lifted one of the small boys, who were sitting on little stools, out through the curtain at the back of the platform—to the amusement of the audience, who saw the boys disappearing through space as if moved by some spirit-power. The fresh air and buns soon revived them.

The list of those who received the D.C.L. and D.L. was a most interesting one, and included the present French Ambassador, Monsieur Cambon, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Mr. Asquith, General Sir John French, Admiral Sir Frederick Richards, Mr. Sargent, R.A., and other well-known names, including Marconi. Mr. Walter Leaf was one of the D.L.'s, and his son afterwards served in the 5th Buffs in India and Mesopotamia with George, and volunteered to take him down to the Base Hospital when he heard he was lying wounded behind the trenches.

AT CHELWOOD BEACON,
1895.

A large luncheon was served in the hall at All Souls' after the ceremony of the Encænia, where the boys enjoyed a varied meal, far removed from the watchful eye of parents and guardians. It began with lobster and ended with strawberry ice; however, they were none the worse, and on the return journey to London played at railway guards with great vigour and much movement until Paddington was reached.

After George went to school the family always spent the holidays together, first at Hemsted or Seacox, and then a month or more of the summer each year at some seaside place. The first summer holidays were passed at Southwold, where there used to be picnics on the wide heathery commons and expeditions to see the wonderful churches that abound in Norfolk and Suffolk. The family were never separated except when his father had to go to London for his work, and it was only after George returned to school that his father and mother went away to pay visits.

The following year Balmacarra was chosen, a lovely spot on the west coast of Ross-shire. There, in spite of almost constant rains, the party were wonderfully happy, and on the few fine days made long expeditions by sea and land. It was from here that George paid his first visit with his father and mother, Mr. and Lady Anne Murray fetching them in their yacht to spend a few days at Loch Carron. George enjoyed his visit immensely. While his father stalked, he and the rest

of the party used to spend long days on the yacht, fishing off Lunga Island with hand-lines; or they would drive over the glorious hills to Loch Torridon, and fish the river. To George it was an entirely new experience, and he revelled in the sport and the long days in the air, and in the lovely scenery of the West Coast.

In the evenings he and young Murray dressed up, and arrived in weird and wonderful costumes during late dinner.

That was his first visit to Scotland. He revisited Loch Carron in 1913.

In 1906 a small villa near St. Briac, on the coast of Brittany, was the summer holiday home. It was a tiny house called Villa Clary, and had a garden full of pine-trees opening on to a sandy bay surrounded by rocks. A French cook, of an uncertain temper but well versed in the culinary art, and a 'bonne à tout faire,' with the butler and the footman from home, ran the household. Any small *contretemps* only caused amusement, as when the family sat waiting for their early breakfast for half-an-hour, and then saw a small, not over clean, child appear clasping the rolls, which were not enveloped in paper, to her bosom.

It was a gloriously hot summer, and every one lived out of doors, so the ramshackle condition of the villa did not matter, although it was in such a crumbling condition that Cicely, the youngest girl, had to be

removed from her room the first evening on account of millions of ants which came out of the wall. After a fierce contention with the owner of the villa, the cracks were plastered up and the ants were immured, until, at any rate, the summer was over, but they probably came out for the next year's visitors.

The motor had been taken to France, and many long expeditions were made to Mont St. Michel, to Château de Josselin, and shorter drives amongst picturesque villages, where there was always something new to see, and where the quaint peasant dresses and coifs, the big round loaves, and the novelty of a fresh country and customs delighted all the children.

On one of the longer expeditions to a peasant festival at Carnac, Bretonne costumes were ordered for the little girls, and made by a charming peasant woman, who sent them over later to England, with a doll properly dressed to show how they should be worn. For some years she used to write to, and hear from, the family.

The shore was an unending joy. When the tide was high the whole family used to bathe in the deliciously warm water, and when it was low to go for long afternoons wading and digging for a small silvery eel which was excellent eating.

It was in these sunshiny days in Brittany that George acquired the nickname of 'Joss,' that became familiar to most of his friends, and by which he was

known in the home circle and afterwards at Oxford and in India.

It came first from his aunt, who was staying there, calling him a 'funny little Josser,' and it was soon curtailed into 'Joss,' and to the last he always signed himself so in family letters.

Soon after these holidays, the much-loved grandfather, Lord Cranbrook, passed away, leaving a great gap, but a serenely beautiful memory of an old age that was like a golden sunset.

A page in the children's life turned over here, as Hemsted, which had been so much of a home to them, was closed.

Between 'little George,' as he was called then, and Lord Cranbrook a very tender tie had always existed, and when a little child he would carry about a photograph of his grandfather riding his favourite horse. The following touching little story shows the love and sympathy between the grandfather, who was in his ninety-second year, and his young grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Two of them were heard talking together after their mother had broken to them that the grandfather they loved was passing from this world, but that they would see him again and that he would be very happy. The elder boy, about eight, was heard to say to the younger, 'But are you *sure*, Eddy, grandfather will be happy?' 'Oh! yes, of course,' said the brother, 'for grandpapa loves little

boys, and there are lots and lots of little boy angels in heaven.'

In February of 1907 Lord Goschen, the other grandfather, died very suddenly.

It was a curious coincidence that the grandmothers died within three months of each other, and after ten years the same period elapsed between the death of his two grandfathers.

George came from Eton to attend Lord Goschen's funeral—the first he had ever seen.

A feeling of genuine sorrow for the grandfather he had lost was mingled with one of awe and apprehension, which was soon dispelled when he saw that sorrow did not necessarily mean gloom, and that peace and beauty hallowed death more than the expression of grief.

The ceremony was a very simple one, the party walking from the house in the pale February sunshine to the beautiful churchyard on the hill, where the burial took place.

With Lord Goschen, as with Lord Cranbrook, the boy had always been a great favourite, and when they were all at Seacox his grandfather often used to take the small boy off for a walk alone with him, and always said he was an excellent companion, and that his quaint ideas and humour amused and refreshed him.

Both of his grandfathers for a long period of years served their Sovereign and Country in high offices of State, and from them he inherited a fine spirit of

patriotism and a stern sense of duty, and like them he gave of his best to his country.

In the troubled times of '86, when the Union was in danger and Unionist leaders were exhorting the rank and file to stand firm at all hazards, Mr. Goschen—as he then was—ended an appeal to his audience with these words, 'Quit ye like men—be strong.' Thirty years after, on the banks of the Tigris, his grandson, for the sake of his country, put these words into deeds.

In the autumn of 1906 George went to Eton for his pass examination, taking remove, and he entered Mr. Bowlby's house the January following.

One of the strict unwritten laws of Eton was that the boys were no longer met or seen off as in Ludgrove days, and no self-respecting parent would dream of transgressing an Eton tradition. This, however, does not hold good on the first entry into Eton life, and both father and mother took the boy down, and spent the afternoon buying curtains and the usual needful things for the small room looking on to the chapel roof.

George was in excellent spirits, but his elders felt a pang as they turned away and left the small figure standing on the threshold of his door—and of manhood.

Eton boys are almost always happy, and George wrote at once full of pleasure at the comparative freedom of a public school. He had many friends, several from Ludgrove, and others with whom he had much in common, among whom were Cranborne, Tichfield, the

Laurence boys, Arthur Hardy, J. Barnet, and others. A kind friend, Anna Graham, made the Sunday specially happy for her nephews, George, and a few favoured boys, who went to tea Sunday after Sunday to 'Aunt Anna,' and felt at home in her pretty house and tiny garden. She always had a fly which took them back in time for chapel, so that there was no feeling of hurry. She sometimes said she wondered the boys cared to come to an old lady; but her loving hospitality will always be remembered by those who shared in it, and by the fathers and mothers who knew the touch of home it gave to their boys' lives at school. The first summer half that year was rather spoilt to George, as he had measles in the Easter holidays, and an operation for adenoids and tonsils immediately after, which delayed his return to Eton for a fortnight. He was far from strong all that summer, although he never 'stayed out,' and always worked to the best of his abilities.

After two halves at Eton, George was moved into a room looking on to Windsor Castle, an ever-beautiful view across Mr. Luxmoore's garden.

In 1910 Mr. Lubbock took over the whole house, as Mr. Bowlby became headmaster of Lancing, and Baldwin's Bec was left for another house.

Many delightful recollections remain of happy days spent by the family at Eton. Eton fashions are very strange, and one remembrance lingers of a bitterly cold winter's day, when George was found waiting on the

platform with no great-coat, but an enormous pair of fur gloves. Lunch at the 'White Hart' was part of the programme, and to George and his family, for whom the time used to be all too short for the chatter of home news, some of the other parties caused much amusement, for they seemed to have nothing to do but to ply their Eton companion with food whilst conversation waned. The afternoons would be spent in walks round Eton, about the playing-fields, or by the river. In the winter term, when the days were short, chestnuts were roasted over the tiny fire in George's room, after a festive tea.

Eton and other friends came sometimes in the holidays, and George, who used to read the Psalms and Lesson with his mother and sisters, evidently thought it was always the custom and used to bring the boys without a thought of shyness, and they seemed to take it as naturally as he did, and were wonderfully friendly.

In August of that year the family moved to Seacox —a great change—but it soon became an intensely happy home to the children.

George and his sister Phyllis were neither of them very strong that summer, as both had been ill, and they used to encamp on the slope behind the house, under the fir-trees, with hammocks and an Indian tent, and had many delightful games. They always loved those amusements in which imagination played a large part, and there were some games whose mysteries, known only to the three children, continued even when they

grew up, and will remain a memory inseparable from their childhood and closely-linked lives.

A kitten, tortoises, and pigeons were the first pets, but the pigeons refused to live in the picturesque abode made for them and died off gradually, the tortoises buried themselves for the autumn and never re-appeared, and the kitten grew into a cat.

The first Christmas without their grandfather, Lord Goschen, was naturally a very quiet one, though the circle was joined by their aunts, Beatrice and Fanny Goschen, and Willie Goschen with his wife and four children. Instead of the usual Christmas-tree, a large plum-pudding, filled with presents for the children disgorged its treasures in the smoking-room.

The following summer, 1909, Seacox was let and the family went for the holidays to the aunts Emily and Katherine Gathorne-Hardy, who dearly loved the trio. George had a slight threatening of appendicitis, which rather spoilt the early summer, but he was well enough to travel in August to Mundesley, where his father and mother had taken the Rectory, a comfortable house, with a garden and lawn-tennis court, where six weeks passed very quickly.

There was a hut on the shore, and many expeditions were made to the Broads and to Norwich, and many of the beautiful churches. A coastguard gave the children swimming-lessons, and the days passed quietly and happily. When the end of the holidays came, the

family took George to Norwich to catch the express to London, and established him in a carriage by himself with a tea-basket and illustrated papers. Just before the train started a car came up, and the headmaster of Eton, Mr. Lyttleton, got out and jumped into the same carriage—too late to make any change. The boy looked rather scared, but wrote afterwards that the Head had been very friendly and given him papers, and had finally fallen asleep, which was an immense relief to the shy fellow-traveller.

One of George's letters in 1910 was full of pleasure at being elected to the House debating society. He was the youngest boy chosen, and appears in a group of the Society the only one still in his Eton collar and jacket.

He always wrote home the subjects of the debates, and once when his father was at Eton for the afternoon he found George and Cranborne were the leaders on either side in the debate that evening, 'Free Trade *versus* Protection.' They asked him for some hints for the discussion, which he distributed with absolute impartiality. To George he gave unanswerable arguments in favour of Free Trade, while to Cranborne he suggested the replies to crush his opponent with incontrovertible facts.

A large family party met that Christmas at Seacox, and the children had a wonderful time. Seacox, with its big hall, the pillars wreathed with holly, made a

splendid place for games, and the season was always one of the happiest times in the young lives. A big Christmas-tree on Christmas Eve, where the little ones waited hand-in-hand for the tinkling which announced the opening of the doors, which were thrown open by Peter Tickner, the house-carpenter for over thirty years, who always helped both to decorate and also to dismantle the tree. Small tables stood round with the larger presents, and the elders found their share, whilst the children wandered round with almost more treasures than they could carry, until at last bedtime came.

After dinner there was a further ceremony, the filling of the stockings, when the elders played the part of the Christmas man, stealing into the darkened bedrooms by the light of a shaded candle, with oranges, dried fruits and nuts, and a variety of small toys. Delicious glimpses of rosy faces and tousled hair on the pillows made the part a welcome one to play, and one of the children, now grown up, admits she for one firmly believed the Christmas man came, until one night when she half woke up and saw her mother filling the stocking. On Boxing Day the local band always came to play in the outer hall, whilst the children danced and marched round the pillars with their holly garlands from 6 to 7.30.

The band played marvellously out of tune, and were rather out of date, as when asked for 'The Merry Widow Waltz,' then on every barrel-organ, the con-

ductor, an old grey-headed man, said, No, he did not know that; but that they had a very nice one called the 'Mistletoe Bough'!

There was generally a dress-up tea during the holidays, and in 1910 a large children's fancy-dress party. The cousins Angela, Willie, Rosemary, and Johnnie Goschen were enchanting as 'The Follies,' an exact copy of the well-known Pelissier's troupe.

George was in a dress copied from a picture of his grandfather when at school, with white trousers (rather short), white socks and shoes, green Eton jacket and buff waistcoat, and a soft shirt with a collar rather like a Sir Thomas Lawrence picture. The likeness to his grandfather in youth was very striking. The girls, Phyllis and Cicely, wore their Bretonne costumes.

There was a cotillon, with quantities of paper caps and ruffles and toys from Paris, and quite at the end the children were led in a wild gallop through the house, ending in the hall, when paper rose-leaves were showered from the galleries, and the scene was almost fairy-like.

Mr. S. G. Lubbock, who had that autumn taken over Mr. Bowlby's house, was one of the guests, and about seventy children came from the neighbourhood.

One of George's great delights was 'dressing up.' He was clever at it, and wonderfully free from self-consciousness, as he would often appear at dinner in some strange and wonderful costume. An Incroyable, a

George with his Grandfather
Lord Cranbrook 1896.

Spanish Don, a Coolie taking the sisters, as Japanese ladies, round the landing in an improvised jinrickshaw, were some of his best dresses.

Also there were tableaux sometimes, and songs and dances in costume; the entertainment being generally given for the household and outdoor employees, who made an excellent audience.

In the December of 1910 George was confirmed at Eton by the then Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Paget. A beautiful and memorable service, which took place on a dark, misty winter's day, was held in the Chapel, which was filled with parents and boys. No one present on that day and the early Sunday morning following, when most of the boys made their first Communion, could have watched unmoved those young figures going up to the altar in the dim light and fail to wonder what the future would bring to those bright spirits just then on the threshold of life. Who could have foreseen what the years would bring so soon? And yet how wonderful to think of the many there who, in the last two years, have gone 'with the flame of their bright youth unspent,' and died the noblest death a man can die, before the 'contagion of the world's slow stain' could touch them or dim their radiance.

On May 11th, 1911, Katharine Gathorne-Hardy, George's aunt and godmother, died. He was at home at the time owing to a very bad cut on the knee.

There had been a close bond between them, and the

children loved dearly the aunt whose selfless, radiant nature brightened all who came near her, and who never failed during her long illness to take the deepest interest in their doings.

July, 1911, was the Coronation of King George V., and George came up from Eton to be present in Westminster Abbey, the splendid pageant appealing to him greatly. He went by water from Chelsea Bridge with his father and mother, a slight figure in his velvet Court suit. His neighbour in the gallery said afterwards to his mother, 'I liked sitting next your son at the Coronation, he was so small and cool.'

That autumn, with his father and mother, George went for a motor tour across France to the Pyrenees, a wonderfully happy time, although it was cut rather short owing to a motor accident, which resulted in a dislocated arm to George's father, and postponed the start from England for ten days.

The whole family went together as far as St. Malo, where they parted, the girls staying with a French family at St. Servan, whilst the others went on their journey, reaching Angers the first night.

They had a few days at Tours, and then went to Angoulême, a delightfully picturesque place, where they stayed for a Sunday. After this they crossed the Landes district by Périgord, and stopped the night at Mont de Marsan, where they had some difficulty in getting rooms, as the town was occupied by troops on

autumn manœuvres. They spent a somewhat perturbed night, as the cavalry began to leave the town at 2 a.m., and proceeded at a sharp trot, with jingling accoutrements, down the cobbled streets, followed by the infantry at 4 a.m., headed by a bugle band.

The tour next took them into the Pyrenees to Argelés, passing through Lourdes, where lunch was taken.

The charm of the expedition was the delightful French villages and wonderful churches, and the country inns where the party stopped for meals.

The boy loved every moment of the time, and the glorious mountain scenery of the Pyrenees at Luz, Cauterez, Gavarny, Luchon. At the last place, where they had intended to stay some days, a telegram from Eton, refusing the extra days asked on account of the late start, caused the tour to be shortened by a week, and was the reason of a remark of George's often quoted by his family afterwards. He wrote on his return to Eton, 'The Head' (who had refused him leave) 'asked after Daddy's arm, but I answered him with some hauteur.'

Still, the whole trip left a memory of happy sunny days, and a wonderful amount was got into the short three weeks.

George's bright, appreciative nature made him a capital travelling companion, and even three days of rain in the valleys and snow on the mountains failed to

depress him, and he made himself happy writing and illustrating long letters to his sisters and friends. His pencil was a ready one, and the little sketches he made were full of life.

1912 was George's last year at Eton, and he left after the summer half. In the middle of this term Oliver Lyttelton, who was Head of the House, left, and was succeeded by George, who occupied this position for half the term.

The early part of the autumn was spent in Scotland, on the lovely west coast, where he paid one or two visits, and had his first grouse-shooting at Kilninver, his cousin Charles Goschen's moor near Oban, where all the family stayed together.

In September George went up for his matriculation to Oxford, and the same day Phyllis left for Paris for three months with three girl friends. The night before, brother and sister sat late talking over what was such a great change in their lives, the first real separation.

Just a shadow fell across their happiness, it was the last day of their childhood, so almost cloudless, and they seemed to be stepping off into the unknown.

In 1912 George went up to Oxford, to Christ Church, and was in his second year at the outbreak of war. Among those who went up to Oxford with him, or were already there, were several of his Eton friends. Cranborne and Barnett, who were both at Lubbock's with him, were at Christ Church ; Jock Balfour was at New

College, and a constant visitor to their rooms; Derrick Milner, son of Fred Milner, a very old friend of the family, had rooms just opposite him in Canterbury Quad, as also did Luly Palmer, who, like George, went out to India with his regiment, where they met and dined together, and doubtless talked of Christ Church days and their many friends.

He would probably have regarded these as the happiest two years of his life, for although he was always very happy at Eton, where his sunny nature made for him many friends, and his mental powers enabled him rapidly to advance up the school, he possessed one of those temperaments which seemed to blossom in the free and intellectual air of the University. For them the training at private and public school is necessary to strengthen their character, to discipline their mind, and to establish a strong foundation ready for them to build on according to their fancy when they reach the University. And then, like a plant freed from the stakes to which it has been tied to make it grow straight and strong, they seem at once to throw out new branches and to grow with fresh vigour in the freedom they have won. With him it was so. He seemed at once to throw off much of the reserve which clothed and hid his character from those who did not know him well. While holding firmly to those friends with whom he went up from Eton, he found kindred souls with whom to form new friendships, and he soon realised with joy

that the artistic side of his nature, which the atmosphere of school had stunted, would find encouragement among men of his tastes at the 'Varsity. Many men when they go up to the University form a little coterie of friends, and know few men outside it. But George was too interested in his fellow-creatures to be content with this. He knew and liked all sorts and kinds of men in different colleges, men who did not know one another, but between whom George soon became a link. That he was cosmopolitan in his surroundings was shown by the varied nationality of his friends, for among them was Raoul Mallet, a young Frenchman, to whom George was greatly devoted, and whose sudden death in Paris, at the beginning of the War, was one of his first real sorrows; Obolinsky, a Russian Prince; Bieberstein, son of the late German Ambassador to England; and Prince Paul of Serbia. This little party, and the others who have been mentioned, often met in George's rooms. They must often have talked of the future, with all its possibilities for them and their several countries, but none could have foretold how suddenly their lives were to be changed, and that the peaceful tranquillity of the Oxford College was to be forsaken for the noise and clamour of battle. When the trumpet-call sounded they answered its summons, and literally East and West and South and North, they hastened to take up arms, and soon these friends were strung out from Flanders to the Eastern front, on through the

Balkans to India and far Mesopotamia, fighting for their country.

In the history of Oxford many a college has sent forth a little group of friends whom the call of some special service has united together, but surely never before has so unexpected a summons scattered them so widely apart, impelled, not by a unanimous and concerted choice, but by a personal and immediate sense of duty.

When he first went up to Oxford, George had rooms in Peck Quad, close by the Porter's Lodge, which he changed in the next year for some pleasanter rooms on the first floor in Canterbury.

During the time he was up at Oxford, George divided his time between reading and amusement. He was very fond of riding, and used to ride about the country round Oxford. He had joined the O. T. C., and was in the cavalry section of it, and his descriptions of their Field Days were always amusing.

Not every trooper was a born horseman, and not every horse a trained charger. They varied in size from polo-ponies to coach-horses, and in character from slugs to bolters. A charge across Post Meadow often resembled a battlefield and a *sauve qui peut.*

George took his share in the social life of his college and the 'Varsity. He was a member of O. U. D. S. and of the 'Canning' and other clubs, and did his best to support them. Time never hung heavy on

his hands, and the day was too short to get in all he wanted.

The Christmas of 1912 was shadowed somewhat by the death of another, the last, of the Hemsted aunts, and Phyllis, who was to have come out at a ball at Hatfield, had to postpone her *début*. George was to have joined the rest of the family in Italy in March, 1913, when term was over. They had been in Sicily, and were looking forward to his coming to join them, and possibly spend Easter in Rome, but he had an exam. and at the last moment could not leave England, so the party went home, and he met them in the motor at Dover on Easter Eve. In Easter week George and Phyllis went to stay with some cousins for a ball, and he went back to Oxford on April 10th, whilst she began her first London season. Her father and mother gave a ball for her at home in June, when Oxford had gone down and George had finished his O. T. C. training, so that he was able to be present.

He had intended to go abroad for a short time, but he had one or two attacks of pain, and it was decided he must be operated on for appendicitis. George took this in the quiet way he accepted life as it came, never complaining, even during the first days, and making himself perfectly happy drawing and painting, his bed by the open window being covered with his pictures.

As soon as he was well enough, the whole party motored to Seacox, where he quickly recovered in the

summer sunshine, although he could not dance at the birthday party given for Phyllis on August 5th, or go to the Kiplings' ball the same week. Still, it was a merry, happy party of friends, who little thought what the next August was to bring forth as they made plans for another meeting in 1914.

Radiant summer days, and radiant youth—their memory shines through the mist of sorrow and tears that has come between :

'They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old,
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.' . . .

In September, George joined his father, mother, and Phyllis at Loch Carron, and then went to shoot with a friend, Derrick Milner, in Perthshire, before going back to Oxford. The usual happy party assembled for Christmas, the last the whole family were to spend together. George was always specially beloved by all the small cousins. He was never impatient, but always ready to play with them, and often he would be seen surrounded by the smallest members of the party, sitting on his knee or climbing over him, and his wonderfully even temper always made for peace, and turned anything like a squabble amongst the children into a joke. He always had the heart of a child, and to the end he kept a child's clear vision and power of idealization.

He had singing lessons at Oxford, and his master thought very well of his voice ; and a great deal of time was spent at the piano with his sisters. He sang in the choir in church. He loved paper games, and some of his verses were really excellent, but, alas ! none were preserved.

It was an old custom to have topical charades on Boxing Day, and the last two years George took part with his father and uncle.

He loved acting, and had looked forward to taking a small part with his uncle, Willie Goschen, with the Old Stagers in 1914 at Windsor, that year which began in sunshine and gladness, and ended in storm and stress.

Until the fateful August, 1914 was an especially happy year for the young ones. In January there was a party at Seacox for a neighbouring dance, and in April, just after Easter, another delightful one in glorious spring weather, when there was much tennis all day, and dancing in the evenings. But George did not spend all the Easter recess in England, going, after a week, to the Château des Tourelles, near Blois, to study French until term began. In June, his sister Phyllis went with a party to Oxford for Commemoration, and brother and sister had an almost perfect time of happiness together. Dances every night, of which the New College ball and the Gridiron Club were particularly good ; and by day boating on the river with

George and his friends in the summer sunshine; or the two would slip away for the intimate talks that both loved, and at the balls many dances were kept for the beloved brother.

When George went up to Oxford he decided he would like to go into the Foreign Office as a career. He had a natural talent for languages, and hoped he might be able to pass the necessary examination. He therefore determined always to pass part of his Long Vacation abroad. He had been to stay with the family of a Mons. de Sèze, at Les Tourelles, in the Easter vacation of 1913, and on July 16th he returned there again.

When war broke out, George was still in France, and his father telegraphed to him at once to come home. He had an exciting journey through France, which began with the difficulty of getting to the station.

All the motors and horses had been commandeered for the army, but at last he found a donkey and cart, which conveyed him and his luggage to the train. He had to pass through Paris and obtain money there, and it was only by consenting to pay an exorbitant sum that he could persuade a taxi to convey him and his luggage from one station to the other. Arriving at last at the Gare du Nord, he found wild confusion and a surging crowd of people endeavouring to get away from Paris and France. Men, women, and children were

struggling and pushing to find seats in the train, and many were left behind. George, being alone with no one to look after, soon managed to secure a seat in the train, but gave it up to an old lady whom he found travelling by herself, and stood wedged tight in the corridor from Paris to Calais. Here matters were worse, as there was a large crowd already waiting for the boat, to which the passengers of the overloaded train were added. When the boat arrived, not half of the waiting throng was able to find room on board, but George, thanks to his height and agility, was one of them. He often recalled the pathos of the picture as the boat steamed out of the harbour, leaving the quay packed with a crowd of people, many of whom seemed stunned by the suddenness of the blow, and all of whom were anxious and bewildered, and unable in the hurry and confusion of the journey to find their bearings. It is curious now, after two years of war, when one sees the calmness and fortitude with which the sorrows and sufferings and hardships are borne by all classes, when one sees the Channel still open for the transport of troops and passengers and stores, to recall the description George gave of his journey, when people hastening to England were haunted by the fear that each boat that sailed might be the last.

On his arrival in England, George joined the family at Seacox, but he had not been there many days before he became restless to join some branch of the Army,

Three generations
1897.

and he could not settle down until he had achieved his desire. His father had hoped in the early days of George's boyhood that he might have chosen the Army as a profession, but when he realised that George had no leanings towards it, he did not endeavour to influence him to adopt it. George never showed any desire to be a soldier, and the short time he was quartered in England after he had received his commission only served to convince him that he never would have liked a soldier's life in times of peace; and so it was to gratify no long-cherished wish, it was from no love of adventure, that at the very beginning of the War he was determined to join up at once, but because to him, as to many others, the call of duty was insistent. For one so young, he was imbued with an extraordinary sense of patriotism, to which the Dean of Christ Church bore eloquent testimony in a letter of sympathy to his father after George's death.

In the early days of September, 1915, George obtained a commission in the 5th Battalion East Kent Regiment, a battalion in which his father had served for twenty-six years and had commanded from 1902 to 1908, and with which he was now again to serve, as he volunteered to join it as Junior Major and was accepted.

On September 3rd George and his father left Seacox and motored to Sandwich to join their regiment. They were quartered in the old town at the Bell Hotel,

which became the Regimental Mess. Sandwich was a very dull place, and as it was on the South-East Coast very little leave was allowed. The only amusement was riding, and George and his father often rode to the seashore in the afternoons for a gallop on the sand at low tide. George's mother and sisters came down several times to Sandwich while he was there, and stayed at the hotel by the sea. They happened to be there towards the end of September, when the regiment was asked to volunteer for foreign service. A parade was held, and officers and men were asked to volunteer. George and his father and nearly all the officers, and a large number of the men, responded. It was understood at the time that the regiment was going to France, and all ranks were very much disappointed when shortly afterwards it was understood that India was to be their destination. On October 14th George and his father went to Seacox on four days' embarkation leave, and the family spent a very happy time together. This was the last time they were all together at Seacox.

On returning to Sandwich, George and his father were both medically examined, but the latter was not allowed to go to a hot climate. The regiment received orders to embark on October 29th, and George's mother and sisters came to spend a few of his last days with him, but returned home some days before he left.

On Thursday, October 22nd, they all met at 8

o'clock at the fine old church of St. Clement's, distinguished by the exceptionally beautiful Norman tower, for the celebration of the Holy Communion—the last time the family were to kneel side by side on earth.

On October 27th he motored over to Seacox to lunch and dine and say good-bye. The regiment left Sandwich on the morning of the 29th, and George's father went with it to Southampton. The officers and men all wore their Indian helmets, and were loudly cheered at the stations they passed through and by people working in the fields. At that time troop trains had not yet become common, and the men appreciated the patriotic enthusiasm which their journey aroused, especially in their own county of Kent, where the houses near the railways were decorated with flags. It was dark by the time Southampton was reached, and by eight o'clock all were on board the *Corsican*, the ship which was to carry them to India. George shared a small cabin with George Jessel, and after he had put his things in it he came on deck and said good-bye to his father.

That night the ship moved out into the stream and on the next night sailed for India. Both officers and men were very crowded on the ship, and were very glad, after an uneventful voyage, to arrive at Bombay.

On the day that George embarked both his father

and mother realised that they were offering their son to their country, and that they must be prepared willingly to sacrifice him for it. The sacrifice has been made, and in their sorrow they are thankful to remember that George never hesitated in obeying the call of duty, or they in willingly speeding him on his way.

During the year that he was in India, George was quartered at Kamptee, in the Central Provinces, one of the hottest stations in India, where he remained all the time except for a short tour he made with Hugh Marchant—a brother officer, and a son of a very old friend of his father's—during their leave.

Those officers and men of the regiment who were under twenty-one, and all who fell sick or were unduly tried by the heat, were sent up to the hills during the hottest months. George, however, was just over twenty-one, and kept fit, so he never went up to the hills for a change. But he made himself happy, as he always did wherever he was. His military training took up a considerable portion of each day. He played polo for his regiment, went shooting when he had the opportunity, and with the other officers did his best to keep things going in what must have been a dull station. In July, 1915, he and a brother officer obtained leave and went for a very short tour to see some of the historic towns in India, and, as his letter shows, enjoyed themselves immensely:

'*Hotel de Paris*,
'*Benares, India*,
'*July 20th*, 1915.

'My dearest Mother,

'I got all your letters as the mail was sent on here. The photographs I expect await me at Kamptee, so I have not seen them yet.

'It is very hot here, so I thought as we were doing nothing this morning I could begin my letter telling you of our travels. I have had no time during our journeys to write a long letter before, as we have been rushing about. I think the best thing I can do is to write a sort of diary of the days we have spent, as that will give you a better idea of our doings.

'*Thursday, July* 8.—I joined Hugh Marchant at Itarsi Junction from Jubbulpore and we went to Gwalior, the capital of the native State of that name. Here we spent the night. We saw the Fort, which is really a very fine specimen of the early Indian massive architecture, and is beautifully ornamented in places with mosaics. There are also some very extraordinary carvings in the rocks there, as the Fort is built on the top of some very high rocks and has a circuit of about four miles round. It was worth seeing and has a fine view from the top. We left Gwalior at 5 o'clock on Friday and reached Agra at 9.30, where we put up very comfortably at Lamies Hotel, the only decent one we

have met on our journey, all the big and good ones being shut, as their staff goes up to the hills in the summer months.

'We had breakfast and received a state visit from Luly Palmer, who invited us to dine with himself and his brother at the Club that evening, which we did. In the evening we went to see the Taj Mahal and the Fort. The Taj Mahal is the most wonderful building of its kind in all the world, I imagine. Pure white, with the most beautiful inlay work in precious stones such as coral, jasper, cornelian, malachite and lapis lazuli. It is really *impossible* to describe, but it *did* impress me very much. Its gardens are very fine, and it is beautifully proportioned, perfect in its way, nothing is out of place. The inside is as fine as the exterior; all white marble inlaid with precious stones in most beautiful designs. The two tombs of the Emperor Shah Jehan and his wife, for whom he built the Taj, are also marvellous. It is worth while coming to India if only to see the Taj. It is so lovely that it looks well in any light or weather, but I believe best by moonlight, though unfortunately there was no moon when we were there. But we went to see it every day we were there, as it is a thing one would never be tired of looking at. I enclose some photos I took of it, they are a little over-exposed, but they give you an idea of it, especially the one taken from a boat on the river Jumna. There are also a few photos of Fatehpur

Sikri where we went on the Sunday, but that was the day the camera broke, so they are not very good, I'm afraid. After the Taj we went over the Fort which is really very good, with the same beautiful inlay work, and some fine buildings. It is high up over the river and looks towards the Taj—I also enclose some photo postcards of it—the bath-room of which is lined with glass and talc and was lit by coloured lamps: and now a man strikes coloured matches which just gives one an idea of how fine it must have been. The Pearl Mosque is lined entirely inside and out with pearl-grey and white marble, very simple, and it well deserves its name. There is also one at Delhi but smaller, and already under the later Moghul Kings the architecture has deteriorated (at Delhi) and is less delicate; more heavy and ornate. All these are Mohammedan buildings. The next day, Saturday, we drove out in the morning to Secundra, about six miles, to see the tomb of Akbar. Very attractive too, of white marble. The tomb is right up on the roof—I think I enclose a postcard of it—surrounded by screens of white marble trellis-work, very beautiful; high up in the air, the wind blows through the trellis-work with a curious moaning sound, as if playing a continual requiem over the dead King's tomb. It is quite impressive. Then we drove on to see the tombs of Itmad ed Daula and Chini Ko Ranza. Both quite worth seeing, though the latter is in rather ruined condition; but once it was covered

with blue and yellow mosaics and must have been rather fine. But very few of the mosaics are left.

'They are both on the river bank, about two or three miles out. On Saturday night we gave Luly and his brother dinner at our hotel. On Sunday we spent the day at the deserted city of Fatchpur Sikri, about 23 miles from Agra. We started at 7 by train and arrived back about 9 o'clock in the evening. It was, after the Taj, the next best thing I have seen. It is in a state of complete preservation, but quite deserted. All built of red sandstone and very well. It was a most delightful place to spend a day at. There was a very good Dâk bungalow there, where we spent an hour or two resting. It takes quite a day to see it properly. The best things were the gate, the mosque, and the white marble tomb of the saint, Sheik Salim. Inside over his tomb is a canopy entirely made of mother-of-pearl. It is a *most* beautiful thing and quite large. It is a curious place, as the people (natives) come and hang little bits of rag or flowers round the tomb and are supposed to be granted their wishes. And especially from all parts of India native women both Hindoo and Mohammedan, who are childless come to pray for children. One rather curious thing is that on the gate is an inscription in Arabic of one of our Lord's sayings which does not appear in the Bible. This is as follows: "Isa (Jesus), on whom be peace, said: 'The world is a bridge, pass over it; but build no house upon it; the

world endures but an hour, spend it in devotion.'" The big gate is supposed to be the finest of its kind in India, at the top of a huge flight of steps.

'On Monday at Agra we visited again the Fort in the morning and also the Taj, where we sat for some time, and that evening at 6 we left, and reached Delhi at 9. The first hotel we went to was a bad one, and we only stayed one night and then went on to another hotel which was quite fair. In the morning we went for a drive in the native bazaar which was quite amusing, and bought some things. There was a curious swarm of locusts over the street while we were there. In the afternoon we went to see the Delhi Fort. After the beauties of Agra we found it disappointing. The architecture had much deteriorated and become more florid. And also it was not in so good a state of preservation owing to the Mutiny. Lord Curzon did what he could to restore the buildings, and there is some fine inlay work as at Agra, but a great deal of it has been picked out by the mutineers; and once when they gave a Ball to King Edward they had the vandalism to fill them in with pink and blue sealing-wax! So much for the artistic English of the time! There are some very fine inlay panels of birds and fruit done by Austin of Bordeaux. And some of them were later restored by an Italian under Lord Curzon's orders. With regard to the latter he does seem to have done a lot in the way of restoring and repairing these old

buildings and done it very well. There is also an interesting museum in the Fort containing Mutiny and other relics, and also some good Indian miniatures of the Moghul Emperors. The next day we hired a car and drove out to see various old mosques and ruins. We climbed up the Kutab Tower, about 230 ft. high, from which a good view is obtained, and we visited the ruined city of Tuglakabad which was put under a curse. We went for a walk in the evening and dined at the Club with a friend of Hugh's, who was there.

'On Thursday, the 15th, we drove round in the morning and saw the old places of interest in the Mutiny and went up on to the Ridge, where you can see the Durbar place and also the start of the new city. In the evening we went round and saw Boxall who was there and arranged to meet him at Benares. We also saw the Jama Masjid, and went to a fascinating shop where they sold ivory and things, which is one of the industries of Delhi. We left at one o'clock that night and arrived at Cawnpore the next morning at 9, where we waited three or four hours. We took a carriage and drove round, but there was not much to see except the monument over the well where the women and children were thrown in the Mutiny. And the monument was in execrable taste and very ugly. We reached Lucknow about 3.15, put up at the Imperial Hotel. It was fairly comfortable, but no electric light or fans; the latter make

a lot of difference. Lucknow as a town is all right, but not much for sight-seeing. We took a drive round the first evening, but there was not very much to see. But it is a well-laid-out town and it was beautifully green; not that very brilliant green one sees at Kamptee after the rains, but a proper kind of green like England. They had a nice golf course and grass tennis courts. The next morning we went and saw the Residency, and that was quite worth seeing and interesting, from the famous defence in the Mutiny. An old soldier there took us round. One humorous thing was that this old soldier was an important and pompous-looking old man, so we thought tipping was out of the question. So we bade him farewell and went to see the graveyard in another part of the grounds. But the old boy sent his chaprassi to say that we had not given him anything! Appearances are deceptive! So back we had to go, feeling rather foolish as we said, "*What* a pretty place. I don't know whether you'll—er—hem—haw—mmm—" and pressed a rupee into his hand. He took it like a hungry tiger, and was most genial after. I thought his first farewell had been a little cold! That morning we also saw some fearfully tawdry little palaces. Dreadful after the magnificent simplicity of Agra and Delhi. There was one that the White City or Earl's Court could have given points to in the matter of beauty! In the evening (*facilis descensus Averni*) we went to a cinema, which we much enjoyed! The next morning we rose

at 4.30 and intended to go by the 6.30 train to Benares, but at the station we found that our train was not a mail train and one could get no breakfast on board, and nothing till 10.30. As we had had a small chota hazri at 5 we could not wait till then, so we sat in the station and breakfasted, and caught the 9.40 mail, which arrived just as soon as the other, and we reached Benares about 3.

'We stayed at the Hotel de Paris, where I am writing this. Not as high class as one would judge from its name, but quite comfortable enough, though again no fans or electric light, only punkahs. We got here on Sunday at 8, and took a drive round to get our mail at the post-office, and see a glimpse of the town. Boxall arrived at 5, and we all went to the English Church here at 6.30. He was in the Sussex R.F.A., and travelled out with us on the *Corsican*, and was also at Kamptee for a time. And he was glad of our company, I think, as he was alone, and he is a very nice man. He was in the eleven at Eton once, and was also at Oxford. From the point of view of *interest* I think Benares comes *easily* first. Of course, Agra is the most beautiful, and nothing could hope to equal it, and here at Benares there are no historical buildings or anything of that sort at all. But you see the native life much more closely than anywhere else. And I must say it has interested me more than any of the others, though as I say for pure beauty and historical interest Agra comes first.

GEORGE, PHYLLIS, AND CICELY,
1903.

Benares is of course the holiest city almost in India, and the great northern centre of Hindoo worship. The first morning we got a boat from a man called the Hon. Babu Moti Chand, which he places free at the disposal of visitors, and went right along the river front about 7 in the morning, which is the hour when all the holy population come and bathe and drink the water of the holy river, the Ganges. It was a most weird and extraordinary sight to see them all gibbering, and splashing and throwing flowers and things in the water. All under huge straw umbrellas like great mushrooms. The whole river front is very fine, with thousands of little Hindoo temples and other fine buildings, and the many ghats and landing places with great flights of steps leading up to the city from the river's edge.

'After that we went and saw the Monkey Temple, so called from the numbers of monkeys about. We fed them with nuts and grain from our hands. Of course, the Hindoo won't let you *into* his temple, but you can go up to a gallery, if there is one overlooking it, and see in from there. Then we came back to breakfast, and as it turned rather warm we did not go out again in the morning, but rested, and in the evening we went for a drive in the bazaar, and also saw the Golden Temple. The little narrow streets of Benares where you can only walk are marvellous, with temples in odd places. There is one at the Golden Temple where you can see through a hole in the wall into the temple, and watch the

worshippers casting their gifts of food, flowers, images, and so on into a sacred well inside. You see most curious people also, religious ascetics, and fakirs and most weird creatures. We then went into the street where they sell brass, which together with embroidery is the great manufacture here. Boxall is very keen on brass, and we are not, and he stayed on and on bargaining in a shop where they were cooking their evening meal, which in India is a singularly malodorous one! Hugh and I could have screamed with the boredom and the evil smells! But we stayed about 1½ hours! Hugh and I bought some little brass pots and lamps for a few rupees just to say we had got some from here. The next day was very hot, and we did nothing in the morning. About 2 o'clock I went across to the Club with a man from Allahabad who is staying here and was a member. There was a very nice swimming bath there, and I had a very pleasant bathe. About 5.30 we started out and drove to the ghats, where we hired a boat and were rowed, and towed and sailed alternately up to Ramnagar, which is the Maharaja of Benares' palace. We took 1½ hours to get up the river, as the current is very strong, and there was no wind. But it was very pleasant, and the fine stormy sunset over Benares was very fine. There was an amusing tiger outside the palace, which was very fierce, but did sort of little tricks with its keeper, who kept well outside its cage! We went over the palace, which is quite

modern, with fans and electric light, and is a strange mixture of the majestic, and tawdry and commonplace. For instance, his durbar place of white marble overlooking the river was *really* fine, while inside was a *hideous* room with framed coloured prints (I should say from the Christmas number of the *Graphic*), and a set of kitchen chairs, and yet a fine marble floor and inlaid walls! However, it was worth seeing from interest. We had a pleasant journey back by dark, very cool, and drove back to the hotel. That was yesterday.

'*July* 21.—To-day we went to the mosque here, which is near the river, and went up the minaret, from which you can get a *magnificent* view of the city, and then Hugh and I went after breakfast to the Bank, and on to an embroidery factory, where we saw the hand looms at work, and bought some embroidery. Then we returned to lunch. Boxall left for Calcutta at 2 o'clock. This evening we go for another drive round the city to see again the temples and the burning ghats where the Hindoos burn their dead.

'We leave here to-morrow at 8 o'clock and we reach Jubbulpore at 6.30 to-morrow evening. Then we get a train on to Kamptee which we reach about two o'clock on Friday afternoon. Thus will end a very pleasant trip. I have *thoroughly* enjoyed it in every way. And we have seen a lot of India really. Hugh Marchant is an *excellent* travelling companion, and a very keen

sight-seer and a very energetic one! He has kept me well up to the mark in that respect. We are both as you know remarkable humorists, and contrive to keep our spirits up to boiling point even in the agonising throes of prickly heat which we have both had pretty badly! And one has often to stop in one of the alleys of Benares—where the smells are worse than any I have ever met (especially as the sacred cows and goats and dogs are allowed everywhere) and have a really good scratch!

'The most tiresome thing is that wherever you go, hotel, mosque, palace, tomb or what-not, there are always about twenty people to demand "plenty backsheesh" when you leave. It makes one *very* angry. Even the servants in the rajah's palace do so, and matters came to a head when in the Jama Masjid at Delhi, one of the biggest mosques in India, three priests, *including the high priest*, whom one would imagine to be a *very* high personage who only appeared on state occasions, came forward salaaming and whining to demand, two, four and eight *rupees* respectively!! We *were* angry! And I should *think* they were, too, when we left them with rude and angry comments, and empty palms! And it is not as if they had done anything for us! Even the holy men in Benares come and demand backsheesh. It all puts one's ideas of greatness on rather a low plane! And I think for the priests in the mosque it is a scandal! They are *fearful* beggars, the Indians!

'It will seem dull to go back to Kamptee to take up the routine of "hard and earnest work, relieved and sweetened by hearty play!" But still it is relief to have been away for a fortnight. I believe the rest of the battalion return soon from the hills. It has been pretty hot here at Benares. I expect it will be cooler when we get back to Kamptee as the rains have begun there some time. I hope you are all flourishing, and that Phyllis' throat is all right again. I am sending her a letter for her birthday but it will arrive, I fear, a fortnight or so after! One never remembers to write anything in time out here. I have made some rather nice purchases of native ware on this trip which I will bring home with me. I hope it may not be long but the war seems endless and I fear we shall remain here. I tried to see Hubert Elliot at Delhi, but think he must have been away, as he never replied to my note. I enjoyed seeing Luly Palmer. Best love to you all at home. God bless you.

'Your loving,

'Joss.'

In the intense heat in the summer he found time hung heavily on his hands during the hours when it was not possible to be out of doors. So he determined to learn 'Pushtu,' one of the most difficult of Indian languages. He obtained the services of a 'Munshi,' or native teacher, and set energetically to work. He soon

passed his preliminary examination, and encouraged by this and the enthusiasm of his Munshi he worked harder, often doing six hours a day in preparation for the Final or Higher Examination. This took place at Peshawar, and he went up there with a brother officer a fortnight before the Examination, accompanied by the Munshi, in order that they might have the opportunity of talking in the vernacular to the natives, as conversation formed part of the Examination. The 'Munshi' provided them with natives from the Bazaar for this purpose, who were more distinguished for the purity of their 'Pushtu' than the probity of their character. Most of them were thieves by nature and desire, and the following amusing letter from George shows how he gained their esteem rather by the vividness of his imagination than by personal influence:—

'*Dâk Bungalow, Nowshera,*
'*N.W. Frontier Province, India.*
'13.10.15.

'My dearest Mother,

'Alas! my paper is somewhat dirty and crumpled and I have only a pencil to write with. This is a delightful place and so is Rawal Pindi, where I and X arrived at 4 p.m. last Wednesday. We were there till Monday and then came on here. We

are working fearfully hard at our Pushtu, and all the Munshis up here say that they have never seen two people who know so much in so little time. But I am doubtful of the result, because this is war-time and the Government wants to save money and *must* give all who pass Rs. 800, a lot of money! I believe there are few entrants, as every one up here is engaged in frontier warfare, so I am hopeful for the best! At any rate it is very nice up here, and doing me a lot of good, I think. *Very* hot at mid-day but deliciously cool in the early morning and evening. The bungalow here is very comfortable and the food good. The hotel at Rawal Pindi was small and dull, and the food rather dull and always the same. But here it is much better. Yesterday we went in to see Peshawar: the native city is a wonderful sight as it is the Charing Cross of the East, and all sorts of traders and merchants come in from Persia and Baghdad and Cabul. It is exactly like a scene from the Arabian Nights. We saw Cabuli traders leading in strings of camels laden with merchandise, and of course as we can talk Pushtu fairly fluently it makes it all much more interesting. We sleep here with loaded revolvers, as there are more thieves and budmâsh than not round here! It is very amusing, as we have talked with men of nearly every Pathan tribe now; they all speak differently, like yokels from Yorkshire or Sussex or Devonshire. They have few topics for con-

versation beyond raids, murders, thefts, refractory wives, and wars and dealings with the Government! Not any of them dinner-table topics! The other day the Munshi brought three Mohmunds to talk to; they are the worst tribe by far. Always at war with the Government—they are just at this moment—one can hear the guns all day. They *were* awful villains, especially one. They were simply in Pindi to steal rifles or money; but they were amusing to talk to! They think if they kill a sahib they will go to heaven, so X and I kept weapons handy at night time! But I told them that in England X was a big thief and I was his babû or clerk, and that when the War started there were no rifles for our troops because X had stolen them all! All this they honestly believed, and looked on us as brothers in the trade. The Munshi told us that when they went away they said—"It's no use going to *these* sahibs to steal, for they are thieves like we are." And also wanted to know if we had gone to that hotel to steal from the landlady! Our examination is on the 25th in Peshawar. I think we shall stay here till about the 22nd or so, as it is cheaper than a hotel. I know I shall *never* want to go back again to Kamptee after this! I am very envious of the troops up here though of course they are all regulars. We are doing from six to eight hours a day at Pushtu, so you see we are not being idle! That ass of a mess-sergeant has not yet forwarded our last two mails up here as I told him to,

so I have no news of you for some time, but they should arrive soon. It makes one quite homesick up here to see fir-trees and things and roses growing, but it is very pleasant, and one forgets there are places like Kamptee! I wonder how you all are, well and flourishing, I hope! I am longing to get my mail. The Munshi will pay £5 for his watch, as he did not mean more, but he was delighted with it and wishes me to thank you for your trouble. So I will send a cheque anon—he is going to get me a postheen, one of the sheepskin coats they wear up here in the cold weather, they are awfully nice, I saw one in a shop—also a Pathan costume. He is a nice man and I should like to pass this exam. if only to satisfy him, as he is very keen on it, and he has certainly taken a lot of trouble, but he is sanguine himself for the above-mentioned reasons.

I was *very* sorry to see in the last casualty list that I saw, the name Capt. A. C. Gathorne-Hardy, of the Cameronians, and fear this must be young Alfred, but hope it may not be so, but I am afraid it must be! Give my love and sympathy to Uncle Alfred and Aunt Isabella if this is so. It is when one sees names that one knows and loves like these that we out here feel we are doing so little, and it seems very hard that we may not do more! At present it is only a lesson in discipline, for we all want to go—however, one can still hope to do something, as I fear the War is not yet over,

though things are going better. Any news of Bunt, I wonder? We have had two cheerful letters from Edgar Burns in the Gulf. Have you seen anything of the Zeppelins? They seem to have been having some fun in England! I am very well now and think this change is good for me, as Nowshera is considered to be the healthiest station in India for troops. It is surrounded by lovely hills, and one had a fine view of this end of the Himalayas coming up in the train, with some fine snow peaks. It was a four days' journey from Kamptee to Rawal Pindi. 2 p.m. from Kamptee on a Monday, arrived Pindi 4 p.m. on Wednesday. Quite enough train for me! Give my best love to yourself and all at home. God bless you all!

'Your loving,

'Joss.'

At the end of his fortnight, George went up for his Examination and passed, although he did not learn this until much later. He was the first Territorial Officer who had ever passed this Examination, and the examiners told him that he had learnt more in seven months than most men in eighteen months. Not content with this success, when he got back to Kamptee he took up Persian with his Munshi and was studying this when he left India.

In one of the last letters he wrote from Mesopotamia he told his father and mother that he had just heard

that he had passed his Examination in Pushtu, and was quite surprised at the pleasure his success gave to his brother-officers, who regarded it as an honour to the regiment.

George was, in fact, at Peshawar, and had just finished his Examination when he was hastily recalled by telegram, as the regiment had received orders to mobilise at Kamptee and be ready to move immediately for an unknown destination. He wrote home on October 30th :

'We are off at last—and are mobilising here—nobody knows where or when, but I think it must be the "Gulf"; there are better places, but still that is better than nothing. I was recalled from Peshawar by telegram and travelled since Tuesday, arriving last night, Friday. Luckily the Exam. was over and I think I passed, as I believe I did the papers and talking quite well. It will be rather an achievement if I have, as it was very hard. The examiners were amazed that I knew so much in seven months, and most of the other candidates had worked for several years. I am fearfully busy, as I have to work all day as Mess President, settling up all the accounts and putting everything straight for the Regiment that takes over our quarters. . . . It is looking very pretty at Kamptee now with all the blossom and green out. I shall be sorry to leave it in a way. I have got quite attached to it. I was very

interested to hear of Bobbetty's engagement to Betty Cavendish. It is very nice, as they are both such dears.'

In his next letter, written on November 6th, he begins:

'You will have heard by now that we are ordered on active service, and I am sorry because I know you will all feel it rather, but I am very glad for myself, and of course all of us are mad with excitement here. We do not know when or where we go, but I will wire as soon as I know.

. . . . .

'I am absolutely worked to death with all the mess kit to see to and my own and all the "Mess" affairs to settle up. The men are all very fit and keen and I think we should do well.

. . . . .

'Every one is back here now. I am learning up a little Persian just in case we go to the Gulf. I talk it sufficiently for that. Of course it is a great bore not knowing where we are going to or when, as one does not know what to do about kit and so on. However, I expect we soon shall. I hope you won't worry about me as I shall be quite all right, and we have remained here inactive very long when there is so much to fight

LORD GOSCHEN, GEORGE AND DENIS ROCHE,
Oxford, 1904.

for. Things seem to be going better at the Front, though it is a long job.

'It is only just over a year that we left England, and I hope it will be less than another year before we are back again! I never knew what it was to be really busy until just this last week or so.

'I have not yet heard about my Pushtu Exam. but hope I have passed.

'I do not suppose we shall move for another week or so. No orders have come yet.

'Best love to you all and God bless you.

'Remember me to all at Seacox.'

The regiment continued to live in a state of great excitement, but still no orders to move came, and George wrote by the next mail on November 14th:

'Alas! we are not off yet! as we had a telegram saying our mobilisation was only precautionary, but as we are still mobilised I presume we shall move within the next month or so. Every one is rather glum here at the postponement of our departure.'

On November 19th he wrote what proved to be his last letter from India, as the next was written on board the transport:

'No more news has come at present, and here we

still are. But we are still mobilised, so I have hopes we shall be moved off before Christmas.

. . . . .

'The other night I went and dined in Hughes' bungalow, and we had the Munshi to dinner, as he wanted to learn how to use a knife and fork! As a matter of fact I was so tired and sleepy that I slept all through dinner. And the next day the Munshi would come and ask me what things he had done wrong, had he held his spoon right? and so on. Of course I could not tell him, as I had been asleep all the time.'

. . . . .

At last Embarkation Orders came, and on November 27th the regiment embarked at Bombay.

They had been at Kamptee for about a year, and the many friends they had made there and at Nagpur soon began to miss them very much.

It had been a great disappointment to George that the regiment had been sent to India, as he always had hoped he might have gone to France, and during the year he was at Kamptee he chafed very much at the peaceful nature of their life, as he felt he was not doing enough for his country. But with his usual cheerfulness he made the best of things, not only for himself but for his brother-officers and men, and the many

letters which were received after his death all bore tribute to his unfailing spirits, which had so much contributed to the general happiness of the regiment.

Here again, as at Oxford, his cheerfulness, his love of all forms of sport, his unselfishness, his modesty, and his wide interest in all that surrounded him, attracted to him men of varied characters and diverse tastes, and so he became a medium through whom men, who would otherwise have kept apart, began to be on intimate terms with one another. George was quite unaware of this influence which he possessed, but so many of his friends have spoken of it with gratitude that it cannot be doubted.

The voyage to Basra, where they arrived on December 7th and remained until the 18th, was without incident and enjoyed by all; but the journey up the Tigris was their first experience of hardship and discomfort. The weather was bitterly cold—rations very short and difficult to supplement. The boat was an old paddle-steamer from the Irrawaddy, with two barges full of men tied on each side of her. The officers slept on the deck of the steamer. Progress was very slow as the river was very shallow, and the boat constantly ran aground. A brother-officer of George's wrote that they had never appreciated his cheeriness more than on this journey, as he laughed at all the discomforts and turned them into a joke, and made all see the humorous side. On December 11th George wrote a long letter from

'Somewhere in Mesopotamia on River Tigris,' describing his journey:

'*At Sea.*

'*2nd December*, 1915.

'My dearest Mother,

'Here we are bound for the Gulf. We left Kamptee on Saturday at midnight, having a hearty send-off from every one. The last few days were a nightmare, settling things up! and all the mess accounts to finish! I was not done till 9 in the evening of the day we left. We arrived in Bombay on the Tuesday at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and Monday night we spent at the Taj hotel in Bombay all free of charge, and the men in camp. We just had time to rush round and do a little shopping, and we went to a show in the theatre, Winch, I, Guy Baker and several others, and I saw Dick Jessel off at the station, who had come to say good-bye to George. Then we had a little supper at the Taj, I, Winch, Collings, Cheesman, and Strettell, who had come to meet his wife. We messed about in the docks till 12.30 the next day loading up, and got off at 5.

'The boat is quite comfortable, 3000 tons and only ourselves, a mule corps, and one native Coy. of Sappers and Miners on board. The men have plenty of room and good food, a paradise to what it was when we came out! We should reach Basra on Sunday, and every one seems to think we shall go straight up to the front.

The men are very fit, and we should do well. It will not be very hot there, and at nights I believe it is freezing! None of our bearers would come, so we have to have our own men as servants. The officers on this boat are very nice and will do anything for us. There are four officers of the Sappers and Miners on board and three Colonels in the medical service, one of whom plays the piano quite well. We have got a concert on to-night which Ben Buss and I are getting up. I will let you know as soon as I get ashore what there is I want.

'The address will be:—

'5th The Buffs,
'Indian Expeditionary Force "D,"
'C/o Postmaster General,
'Bombay.

'I have left all my luggage at Cox's in Bombay, as we shall be sure to return there before going back to England, except one wooden case I have sent home. It contains my heads and things like that. I have had it sent to Cox's in London at Charing Cross, so will you get it from there? I said to be left till called for. I got rid of my ponies at severe loss, but in a short time one could only expect that. I hope you are all quite well. Of course we just missed our last

mail, as it was late getting to Bombay. I suppose we shall get it at Basra. I was quite sorry in a way to leave old Kamptee after so long there. It seemed like an old friend. It was very sudden our order to move, though of course we're still mobilised—only four days! It was a rush—and very hot at Kamptee, too! They have rigged a sail plunge-bath for the men on board, who are enjoying it! I have not yet heard the result of my Pushtu examination! It is rather pleasant on the sea after the heat in Bombay, and it hardly seems a year ago we came out on the *Corsican*. I will write as soon as I can when we land. I hope you got my cablegram all right saying we were off. I expect you will be at Seacox when you get this letter for Christmas; it seems funny to spend two Christmases away. This one perhaps in the trenches, or whatever there is out here. I don't know how the mails go from Basra, but I hope this will reach you all right.

'My very best love to you all at home. God bless you all! Remember me to all at home on the estate.

'With best love to all,

'Your loving,

'(Sgd.) Joss.'

'*Somewhere in Mesopotamia on River Tigris,*
'11/12.15.

'Here we are on the Tigris on our way up the river. Probably they will censor some of this letter, but I don't know how particular they are here. We reached Basra on the 7th, and remained there two or three days. I was very busy getting the mess provisions to go up the river, and also a few things for myself. We remained on the steamer, and were quite comfortable. We go up the river on an old paddle-steamer from the Irrawaddy river with two barges tied one on each side. One Company (mine) and the officers are in the steamer and two companies and a half on the barges.

'It is most *bitterly* cold here, and after a summer in Central India we feel it rather, of course. We sleep in everything on deck, as of course there is no cabin accommodation except one for the C.O. We have our Wolseley valises and sleep in those. There is no room to turn round on board and we get rather stiff. We had two marches, one of five miles yesterday and one of three the day before, to cut off corners, where the river is shallow.

'It is the most winding river in the world, and *very* shallow, and we are heavily overloaded, and I should say once in every ten minutes we run into one bank or the other, or get stuck. The slightest movement of the men upsets the balance and it is not very com-

fortable altogether. But still one might be worse off. The cold is the worst, though personally at night I have always been very warm, as I bagged a good place round the funnel.

'We are still twenty-five miles off our destination and only progress at the rate of about three knots an hour, and that with frequent stops. We are going to a place to await the rest of our brigade and pretty well going straight into the thick of it, I think. Things have not, I fear, been going quite as they are made out to be out here. All the Kurds and people are very interesting out here, though for dullness the scenery *en route* takes the cake! We should arrive at our destination to-morrow. Of course now we are on Army rations, bully-beef and dog-biscuits, supplemented by what we bought for ourselves for the Mess. But the men are all very fit and very cheerful. They are not, I fear, in very comfortable quarters on open barges on these freezing nights; we at least have an awning round us.

'It is the barest, bleakest country round here, I think, I have ever seen in my life! Like the Golf Links at Sandwich, only much barer! The river is like a corkscrew, from one bend to another, perhaps only 200 yards across by land, yet 5 miles round by water. It is all absolutely flat all round, and nothing to look at. The Arabs in the towns come and sell us eggs and things, and chickens. We passed Ezra's tomb a day ago, and Ezekiel's yesterday, and the Garden of Eden

the day before, so we are in quite biblical scenery. The other day we ran down an Arab dhow, and knocked all the inhabitants of it overboard. It would have been very funny, only we hurt one of the Arab children's hand, which got caught between the two boats; however, the doctor bandaged it, and not much harm was done. But it was very funny to see the bedsteads and chickens sitting on the water as they floated down the river. The duties of the Mess President seem to me almost more arduous on service than in time of peace. Every one complains to *me* about the rather rough quality of the food provided for our consumption by a beneficent Government, quite forgetting that I have only the extras such as jam to look after. I think I shall write a book, called "Mess Presidents in Peace and War."'

'There are a lot of partridges about here, and this morning Buss, Cheesman, and Collings went ashore, and took a short cut across, and got three sandgrouse and a peewit, or some sort of bird like that. They would have got more if they had had a dog, though after a few more dog biscuits I don't doubt some of us could have deputised for them, as some officers are beginning to bark quite well, especially in the early mornings.

'There are several little camps along the river here of sappers and miners, and signallers, &c., making roads and so forth—mostly native troops.

'Yesterday the old boat stuck for about 3 hours on a mud bank without being able to get off. We were about 4 hours on shore. It is very difficult to write here, as something funny always happens just when you begin, or some one interrupts, to tell you there are too many men on one side of the boat, and you must move. On the whole I think most people will be relieved when we get off this boat.

'I expect we shall go into camp when we get to our destination, though there is a rumour that there are barracks there. I hope you are all well, and I wonder very much what you are all doing.

'Of course, I have had no news of you for some time, as we just missed our last mail at Kamptee, and I do not know when we shall get our other letters. We have had no war news either for almost a week, one quite loses count of the days of the week.

'I do believe it gets colder here, but still one would rather have that than the heat which I should imagine must be fearful in summer, as there is no water, and such a lot of salt about. It must be fearful in the hot weather. It is very pretty here in the evening with the lights on the river and palm-trees.

'Here we are at ——, our camp. We arrived at ——, and got all our tents up, and everything prepared. The day after to-morrow we move off on a march of 60 miles, to be done in about 6 days, as one can't do more than 10 miles a day out here, as the country is so bad,

and there are no roads. I do not know what our destination is. We shall get together there with our division I imagine. It is *bitterly* cold. Last night, after working all day, I had to take a fatigue party of 100 men, and unload a barge for a native regiment, about 100 tons of stuff. We worked from 8 till midnight, and it was pretty cold, I tell you. Especially for me, as I had to stand about and see it unloaded. I did not get to bed till one, as I had to get the men some tea when I got back, and see they were not swindled by the coffee-shop.

'The English mail arrives in to-day, I believe, so we may get our letters. And one goes out to-day, so I hope you will get this letter, if it is not all censored, though the rank and file may only use post-cards, and are allowed to send no letters.

'Give my *best* love to all at home, and remember me to all at Seacox. A happy Christmas to you all. God bless you all.

'Your loving,
Joss.'

'*I.E.F.* "*D.*," *c/o Postmaster, Bombay,*
'*Mesopotamia,*
'*Christmas Eve.*

'My dearest Mother,

'In great haste to catch this mail, as we have only been given $\frac{1}{4}$ hour's warning it was off. I am very

fit and well. We have just finished our 60-mile march, all very fit. And shall be here I suppose about a fortnight—and await our orders. I believe our Brigade is a separate one, known as "Army Troops" and not attached to any division, but under direct orders of the C. in C. It seems funny to be spending Christmas here. Turks and Arabs have begun sniping into our camp. They fire at a range of about 2 miles by letting their rifles off into the air. Results few and far between—nil so far—and it must be a prodigious waste of ammunition. Just received a telegram from Manager of Ottoman Bank, Basra, putting himself at my disposal for cables, &c. Will be very useful. Could you get me a Burberry Trench Warm and soft khaki Brodrick Cap and send them out? It is very cold at night here, though warm enough to bathe at midday!!! though of course the water is very cold.

'No time for more—will write again at once.

'Best love to all. Remember me to all at Seacox.

'God bless you all.

'Yours lovingly,

'(Sgd.) Joss.

'P.S.—The address is:—

'5th Buffs,

'I.E.F. "D.,"

'c/o Postmaster, Bombay.'

After leaving their paddle-steamer the regiment

1905.

marched for sixty miles to their camp, where they remained until the New Year.

The last letter George wrote was on January 1st, just before the Regiment moved on.

'*5th The Buffs, I.E.F. "D.,"*
'*c/o Postmaster, Bombay, India,*
'*A.* * * *
'*1st January*, 1916.

'My dearest Mother,

'It was such a short letter I wrote last time owing to my haste to catch the post that I write another now. I have just heard to my joy that I passed my higher Pushtu exam.! It is late to hear it, but still I am very pleased. And so is every one in the battalion as it is an honour for the regiment, as I am the first Territorial officer who has ever passed. The munshi will be greatly delighted. It was a great joy to get all your letters. More arrive to-day I believe.

'The day after to-morrow we move off up the river and shall probably be in action in two or three days. I shall be glad to move, as it is a bore being stuck in camp here. We have been sniped at nearly every night. It is very funny to be in one's tent and hear the bullets whizzing over! The snipers usually come about three times a night for about ten or twenty minutes, and fairly let you have it. But their aim is

inaccurate and most of the bullets go over the camp or else fall short, and there have been no casualties, I am glad to say. The other night I was with my platoon on picket duty guarding the bridge head and two shots dropped within 50 yards! But they were not intended for us, but the other side of the river—heaven knows where they came from! But Arabs are not renowned for their marksmanship! I missed my Christmas at home, it was poor fun out here; but still we made the best of things, though we had nothing stronger than lime juice and a *little* rum to drink to each other in! And rum is not my favourite beverage! May we all be together next Christmas! We hear from to-day's telegrams they are having conscription for young unmarried men, and rightly too—they should have joined before! I wonder what you all did at Christmas and who was at Seacox. Phyllis seems very busy with her nursing. I am glad Daddy is getting the battalion filled up. I suppose anyhow under Lord Derby's scheme it should soon be made up. I do think this is a beastly country, it must be unspeakable in hot weather. It is so bleak and bare! But we are having fine weather now and bright, though dusty, and no more rain, thank goodness, though *unspeakably* cold! . . . All the men are very fit, and their fine physique and appearance have elicited much comment. They said in Bombay, when we marched from the station, they had never seen a finer battalion march through! which is indeed a compli-

ment. They are very particular about censorship here, and it is a point of honour not to mention any names of places, troops, movements, and so on, as officers' letters will then be stamped without being opened. The men are only allowed to send postcards, and then they must be franked by an officer. . . . George Jessel is Transport Officer and has charge of our mules. Tiresome creatures, all of them. There are usually dozens of them flying wildly about without their syces (natives), who seem quite incapable of holding on to them for more than two minutes. Yesterday two ran away with a cart full of rum, and without their driver dashed wildly over the rough ground, till they hit a large ditch and all the barrels flew out. I had a postcard of Christmas good wishes from Mrs. Dick, of Nagpur, who said how much they all missed us; and we have had news from Kamptee also, though nothing of much interest. I hope you are all well at home. I have not very much more news at present, as we have been doing very little this last week or so. We are going to have a bomb-throwing practice to-morrow. We have some dummy ones, and the way they fly about the camp is far more dangerous than the real ones!

The dust here is really *awful.* It smothers everything, and all one's eyes, ears, and nose get full of it. Give my *best* love to all the family, and to all at Seacox and Rutland Gate my best wishes for the New Year. I shall probably have been in action before this

letter reaches you. I *hope* next year's fireworks will come off the Christmas-tree at Seacox and not from Arab snipers!

'God bless you all,

'Ever your loving,

'(Sgd.) Joss.'

The history of the subsequent movements of the Regiment and of the part George took in the fighting has been gathered chiefly from letters from his brother officers and from non-commissioned officers and men. There must always be considerable difficulty in learning what actually took place from men in different parts of the field performing different duties, but by carefully piecing together their stories a fairly consecutive account has been obtained.

On January 6th they came in touch with the enemy and fighting took place, but the Buffs were in reserve on that day. On the morning of the 7th they received orders to advance and George's Company was in the firing line. They advanced across the open with no cover of any kind and soon came under rifle fire. The Regiment behaved with remarkable steadiness, although it was their first real experience of being under heavy fire.

About 2.30 a bullet hit George and broke both his wrists. George was lying down at the time, as the Regiment was advancing by short rushes, lying down

after each rush. A Lance-Corporal bound up George's arms and told him he could go no further, but must lie where he was. The order to advance was given and the platoon rushed on, but to their surprise in a moment George had caught them up and continued to lead them. He managed to get up after each rush by leaning on his elbows and so raising himself up, as his arms were broken below.

The men of his Company said he never murmured, but continued to cheer them on, although he must have suffered considerable pain.

Some hours after the Company came under heavy machine-gun fire and George was hit in the head. His men thought he was killed. Darkness almost immediately fell, and the Battalion fell back a little way just behind where George lay to dig themselves in for the night.

One man went back for a stretcher to take George to the First Aid Station, but when it arrived every one thought George had been killed, and the stretcher was given to some one else. Next morning Lance-Corporal Robinson looking out from the trench thought he saw George move, so he went out and gave him some water. The Regiment remained all day (8th) in the trenches under heavy fire. At dusk some men went out and brought George in—still alive and conscious, and laid him down behind the trench.

Lieut. Leaf heard he was there and at once went off

from the other end of the line to him. He found George conscious but very, very cold. Three men volunteered to help Leaf carry George to the Casualty Station, which they reached after a four hours' march in the dark. There they had to leave him on his stretcher. He knew them and was able to thank them for all they had done for him. George remained on his stretcher in the tent for five days, looked after by his servant Pentecost, who nursed him with great devotion.

He was then taken down the river in a steamer with a large number of wounded to the hospital at Amara. It is probable that the reason why he was not removed sooner was that it was thought that he could not possibly live for many hours, and the wounded were being brought in in such numbers that some confusion was inevitable.

Of the hardships and discomfort which the wounded suffered in their voyage down the river and of the awful condition of the ship no more shall be said. George willingly gave his life for his country, and in accepting the call for such a sacrifice his father and mother have always wished that it should be offered with feelings of pride in him, and of thankfulness that he was thought worthy to die for his country, and that no other thought should dim the brightness of the vision which was so glorious and triumphant. As he who suffered bore all that befell him without a murmur or word of regret, so

must they in all humbleness try to follow his bright example.

George lived for five days after his arrival in hospital. He did not suffer much owing to the nature of his wound, but was often conscious and knew those who were about him and asked after his brother officers and men.

From the very first it was recognised that his case was hopeless and it was marvellous that he lived so long.

On the morning of January 19th, 1916, he passed away while his servant was washing him. He was buried that afternoon in the little cemetery at Amara. His coffin was carried to the grave by officers who were doing duty at Amara, and some of the wounded officers of his own Regiment were well enough to attend the service.

George died as he had lived all his days, peacefully; peacefully because his nature was peaceful; peacefully because he was well content to have done his duty; peacefully because of the Faith that was in him.

But let all those who doubt their own courage—who are nervous as to their powers of endurance draw comfort from his example. His physique was delicate, his disposition nervous and highly strung; he had a horror of all that was violent and horrible.

As a small boy he was easily frightened, and for many years he could not bear to sleep alone in the dark. He was modest, retiring, and very unassertive, too much

so to do himself justice in his school-days, for there is no doubt he would have made his weight more felt at Eton had he asserted himself more.

He never grew out of his gentle ways, and none of his family can ever remember seeing him out of temper or selfish.

During the twenty-one years of his happy life his father and mother can with heartfelt thankfulness to him look back to no moment of anxiety or irritation. He was always gentle, happy, contented—unselfish.

But behind all this—hidden even from those who loved him most, except on a few rare occasions, when an inflexibility of purpose for a moment drew aside a corner of the veil, was a reserve of strength, strong and vitalising.

It enabled him when badly wounded to lead his men against the enemy's trenches, and inspire them with his courage. It enabled him after lying out a night and a day to forget himself, and think only of his friends and his men. It enabled him with patience to bear his sufferings; it enabled him with courage and confidence to pass to the Great Unknown.

It was not until a great crisis broke through his reserve that his true character was seen in all its strength.

And so for those who may read this Memoir, George's life here on earth closes in the grave under the

1914.

palm-trees at Amara. And if to some in days to come —but not to us—it seems a strange and distant land, remember he and others have made 'a corner of it England,' and that the crosses on their graves will ever stand as witnesses to those of varying creeds and races who pass by of the great sacrifice which Englishmen willingly made not only to conquer Germany and her Allies, and to crush out the spirit of militarism and lust of power for which they stood, but to establish in their place a lasting peace, under whose wings the nations purified by their blood may rise to a higher humanity.

Their sacrifice was not negative, but creative. They were carrying out a great purpose, and marching towards high ideals. And so let us comfort ourselves with the thought that their sacrifice cannot have been made in vain—they cannot have failed. It is we who may fail if we hesitate to carry on with high purpose the work they have left us to do, or halt on the journey towards the ideals they had set before them. Let us, therefore, not look back with sad regret, but forward with a great hope in confidence that only thus can we pay our tribute to those gallant Englishmen who, we believe, have won for themselves Eternal Rest, and for their country the hope of a Lasting Peace.

On January 26th, 1916, a Memorial Service was held at St. Augustine's Church, Flimwell. The little

church was very full—with relatives, all the work-people on the estate, and many neighbours and villagers. The Battalion of the Buffs, which was commanded by George's father, was represented by eight officers—four of whom had served in the ranks in George's Company before he left for India and had since received commissions—and fifteen non-commissioned officers, who formed a Guard of Honour. The band of the regiment played the music for the service, and the regimental buglers sounded the regimental call and 'Last Post' from the belfry.

On either side of the altar were hung the Union Jack and White Ensign.

George's name was mentioned in despatches for his conduct at the battle of Sheikh Saad.

Of the six officers of the regiment mentioned in despatches at this time, three were killed.

LETTERS.

From Colonel Munn Mace, C.O. 5th Buffs.

'*Mesopotamia.*

We are all immensely proud of your son, whose action on the 7th of January was one of the bravest of many gallant things done that day in the face of overwhelming odds.

'Believe me, yours sincerely,

'J. Munn Mace.'

From Sir George Arthur *to* Sir Frederick Milner.

'Lord Kitchener scarcely likes to write direct to Lady Goschen; could you possibly tell her how deeply touched he was to hear of the specially gallant circumstances in which her very gallant son met his death.

'It is indeed a thrilling story, and one of which those to whom he was dear may well be proud. Perhaps you would convey with this very special message Lord Kitchener's very sincere sympathy.

'Yours, &c.,

'George Arthur.'

'*Hospital, Amara,*
'*20th January,* 1916.

'Dear Lord Goschen,

'As you will long ago have heard by the time this letter reaches you, Joss passed away this morning here. I feel it is not presumptuous for me to write and try and convey to you my sympathy, because for the last 1½ years I have lived continually with him, and he has been the best friend I've ever had.

'To you, of course, it is an unspeakable loss, but I am sure you will be glad to hear his death was painless. I never saw him wounded myself or in hospital here, as I have rather a large wound in my leg which prevents me stirring from my bed for some time to come. The old 5th Buffs did splendidly, but at what sacrifice!

'Please remember me to Lady Goschen.

'Yours sincerely,

'GEORGE JESSEL.'

'*Byculla Club,*
'*9th March.*

'Dear Lady Goschen,

'My father told me in a letter that you were enquiring how poor Jos met his death. I have already written Lord Goschen—in fact, six weeks ago from hospital, the day after he died, but very likely the letter

never reached you. I myself never saw him after the morning of the 6th, but understand that he was splendid and should get mentioned in despatches at least. He was first hit in the hand or wrist, but went on, and was then hit in the head—a terrible wound. He was semi-conscious on the boat in which he went downstream, and lived a few days in hospital, where they made on him the operation of trepanning. I never saw him myself, as I could not move, and indeed I knew it would do no good. His servant, one Pentecost, looked after him with great devotion, and was actually washing Joss when the latter died. On the boat he slept by his side, an eye-witness told me, and never left him.

'There is nothing for me to say, and I know exactly what you must feel. For me who lived with him almost continually for 1½ years he was the best friend I've ever had. He would have had a reputation in whatever form of life he had taken up, and as you know he heard just before Christmas that he had passed higher Pushtu, in six months, a brilliant feat. I am well but lame, and shall be for some months. Hoping you and your family are well.

'Yours, &c.,

'GEORGE JESSEL.'

'*5th Batt. "The Buffs,"*
'*Indian Expeditionary Force "D,"*
'*C/o The India Office,*
'*Whitehall, S.W.,*
'*January 25th,* 1916.

'On the Tigris.

'Dear Lord Goschen,

'I feel that you will forgive me for obeying an irresistible impulse to write to tell you how much I feel for you in what you have to bear.

'We all loved "Joss," as we called him, and he and I were always good friends.

Latterly he and poor Guy Baker had been inseparable, and they were both killed in that fearful Sheikh Saad affair on the 7th.

'He was an absolute hero. Both his wrists had been broken, and yet he raised himself on his arms and went forward before he was killed. So his end was really magnificent and his pluck marvellous.

'May this be some solace to you.

'There are only a few of us poor Buffs left now.

'With my deep sympathy,

'Yours sincerely,

'H. Massie Blomfield.'

'*Section Hospital*,
'*Byculla Club, Bombay*,
'14*th March*, 1916.

'My dear Lord Goschen,

'I'm afraid you will hardly remember me, as I joined the Buffs so shortly before we left Sandwich, but you will let me express my very deep sympathy with you in the irreparable loss and suffering you have sustained in the death of your dear son.

'We are all so sad out here over the manner in which our Battalion has been cut up and so many of our best fellows taken from us for ever that one is apt to forget the agony of those at home who have to bear the loss of sons, brothers, and husbands.

'Your boy and I were great friends—the result of our having been so much together for nearly eighteen months, and his astonishing courage in the time of his great trial was only what one had learnt to expect from our knowledge of his charming personality.

'We had a pretty rough time in Mesopotamia during the few weeks before January 7th, but your son was so cheery and unselfish at all times that we could always treat the whole thing as a big joke! And no one showed greater bravery in action. The poor fellow must have suffered terribly from his wounds, but he

never complained, and enquired only for his friends when he was conscious.

'May God help you and your family to bear the loss.

'Yours very sincerely,

'F. Stuart Fleuret.

'P.S.—You will be glad to hear the wounded are progressing. A big draft of officers for the 5th Buffs recently arrived out here.'

From Q.M. Sergt. Whaley.

'113 *Coy., 5th Buffs,*
'*I.E. Force "D,"*
'*C/o Whitehall, London.*

'Dear Lady Goschen,

'The N.C.O.'s and men of "D" Coy. wish me to thank you for the parcels of clothing which you so kindly sent out. They came at a most fortunate time, as many of the men, having lost their kits in the last battle, were greatly in need of a change of underclothing.

'Our heartfelt sympathy is with you and Lord Goschen in the loss of your son. We know that we have lost a splendid officer, who by his kindness and

unselfish devotion to duty had endeared himself to all ranks. Personally I feel his loss very keenly, as I have been in the same Company with him ever since he joined us at Sandwich.

'We trust that your grief may he softened by the fact that he died a true soldier's death, as he still led his men on long after he had been wounded in both wrists, thus setting a splendid example to every one.

'Again thanking you for your kindness.

'Your obedient servant,

'A. J. WHALEY
(C.Q.M.-Sergt.).'

'*D Coy.*, 5 *Buffs*,
'*Kamptee, C.I.*
'*March 22nd.*

'Dear Lord and Lady Goschen,

'I am sure you will excuse this liberty, but I thought you would like a few lines from me, concerning your son's death. How well I know what great grief it must have been to you both and to many others that had the privilege of knowing him, although I can hardly claim that, being one of the Wye Section, but I do know he was always very greatly respected by all the men. You have doubtless heard all particulars about that sad day, but perhaps I can show you your

son's bravery better than some. About 1 p.m. on 7th we were given order to advance in open order, D Company and C Company forming firing line, other two companies in reserve. The Battalion advanced just splendidly, like on parade, and our officers were just superb every one of them. We very soon came under Turkish rifle fire and began short rushes, this all having to be done in open, and our General speaking to us afterwards said: "No seasoned troops could have done better," and that we were a credit to "The Buffs." Somewhere about 2.30 p.m. I found myself next to your son, and we exchanged greetings. He told me he had just had a lucky escape, a bullet having gone through one of his coat pockets, without touching him. Next moment a bullet had gone through both his wrists, and he said, "I have got it this time." Well, I bound both his wrists up before order to advance was given, and said, "Sir, you won't be able to come on any further." As your husband will explain to you, it would be almost impossible to come on advancing, with both wrists hit, but it seemed your gallant son managed it, and still came on leading his Platoon. I think it was the act of a very gallant soldier, don't you? When it got too dark to advance any more that night we dug ourselves in, and I was told Mr. Goschen was lying very seriously wounded. That night one of the men went back to get a stretcher for him, and so bring him back to First Aid Station, some little way back. When

stretcher was brought back he was given up for dead, and stretcher given to another wounded. Next morning as we were lying in trenches we had dug, I saw your son move, went out, gave him some water with another man, and did what we could for him. He just said water, water, when we held it to his lips. He seemed then to be beyond all earthly pain, and feel sure did not suffer much. I mention this to show you what wonderful vitality that son of yours must have had. That night he was brought back, and a few days after we heard he had passed peacefully away.

'Of course I realised from the first there was no hope for him, and we all marvelled he lived so long. I suppose it was the same power in him, fighting to the last, that made him go on leading his men after he was first hit. You can imagine my surprise when told Mr. Goschen was lying badly wounded close to where we had dug our trenches, as I never expected he would come on. Sir, when I started this letter I meant it for his mother, but perhaps it would do her more harm than good, so I address it to you, and if it would make her happier please let her see it.

'I myself have been wounded three times altogether, and am at present on two months' sick leave, but Kamptee will always find me if you want to ask anything more about your son.

'Please accept my most deepest sympathy. I also have lost a dear dear brother in this cruel War.

'From one who will always think of your dear son as a very gallant gentleman and soldier.

'Sincerely yours,

'HENRY S. ROBINSON,

'L/cpl.'

'*I.E.F.* '*D.*',

'*Mesopotamia.*

'Dear Lady Goschen,

'It is with the deepest sympathy for you in your trouble that I write to tell you about your son's death here from wounds. He was terribly wounded in the head, and also on both hands; and I think the thigh as well, on January 7th. The Buffs got into a very hot place almost as soon as they got under fire, and were at once made a target for rifle and machine gun, and shrapnel.

'Your son was carried first to a First Aid Post behind the firing line, and then after getting the field bandages on he was carried about four miles on a stretcher to the Field Hospital by the river. He was there for about five days in a tent with several Tommies, still lying on his stretcher, as he was too bad to move. The Tommies were awfully good to him, and did what they could, although wounded themselves. I saw him often, and spoke to him, and prayed with him—he

couldn't speak, but he tried to smile, and let me know he understood. I didn't think he would live for more than a few hours, and when at last I got him on board a steamer to go down the river, I hardly thought he would live to get to Amara. I had to go up to the Front then; but on the 18th I got here—Amara—to look after the wounded and dying, and found him still alive, and even able to speak a little. But in spite of his wonderful vitality he passed away quietly on the 19th, at 9 a.m. I buried him the same afternoon at 4 p.m., in the little military cemetery here, and three wounded officers of his own regiment attended his funeral, as well as others from the station, who carried his coffin to the grave. The cemetery is a nice quiet spot near the Chaliala Canal, with palm-trees round about it.

'I thought you might like these few particulars from me, as I ministered to him during his last days. There are still a lot of the Buffs here in the hospitals, and they were very cut up at hearing of his death, as he seemed well liked among the men. I will try and have a little wooden cross put over his grave.

'A man named Harries gave me your address.

'Yours sincerely,

'P. Graydon Tibbs,

'*Chaplain to the Forces.*'

Written to the mother of another officer in the 5th Buffs, Mrs. Alfred Hardcastle.

From LANCE-CORPORAL CHEESMAN, 5th Buffs.

'Lieut. Goschen commanded a platoon in the company I was in, and as you may easily imagine was soon an immensely popular officer among all ranks, and the fine dash he and his men made at Sheik Saad in the face of such a fire may have been equalled, but has never been beaten in the British Army.

'Though wounded through both wrists he continued to lead them, and when the last bullet struck him there was no Englishman between him and Kut. It was, as it happened, a merciful wound, as I feel sure from that time until the time of his death it saved him a lot of suffering, and numbed most if not all the pain. We carried him behind the trench where we were digging in for the night, and made him as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and though he was quite able to speak not a complaint or murmur escaped him, and he would only drink water when I assured him that no one else wanted it. We tried to get him away on an improvised stretcher of rifles and a mule cloth, but he was too severely wounded, and preferred to wait for a stretcher.

'Later Goschen left the Field Hospital on one of the

river steamers. The news of his death was received with much sorrow in the Buffs' Camp, and especially in D Company.'

'*Depot Office, Cavalry, F.F.*,
'*Kamptee*,
'22*nd January*, 1916.

'Dear Lord Goschen,

'Excuse a perfect stranger writing to you, but I am sure you will under the circumstances. I am writing to offer you my deepest sympathy on the loss of your son, which I was terribly sorry to hear of to-day.

'I met your boy here and have known him some six months; during that time we became great friends and his death has been a great shock to me.

'We have no details yet, but I trust and pray that he did not suffer much. He was one of the very best —cheery at all times—keen on his work—popular with all and a fine specimen of an English gentleman.

'When I who knew him so little mourn his loss as I do, I can most deeply sympathise with you, and trust that under these circumstances you will forgive my writing.

'Yours sincerely,
'Dashwood Strettell.

GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN.

Extract from a letter from a friend.

'. . . I had watched George grow up since before his Eton days, and even though one only saw him at intervals it was impossible not to become attached to him. Then one realised him, in a way, by reflection in the devotion of his sisters to him. Your little group always seemed to me quite the happiest and most appreciative of one another of any family I ever knew. It was a happiness to me at any time to think of you. Yours was of all houses the one for whose security one most fervently longed . . .'

From MILDRED DE LOTHBINIÈRE.

'It does seem sad that that young life, so full of promise, should not have had its entire fulfilment in this world; and yet he could not have done more than he has. You must be thankful that he gave his all so nobly, and proud that *you* have given what was most precious . . .

'I have always thought that yours was the happiest home I have known, and you have been on such delightful, almost sisterly terms with your children. The first time I stayed at Seacox, many years ago, George was there, and I remember we were discussing schools

for Eddie, and I was so struck with the way he talked of Ludgrove and life in general, and he helped me so much. I hoped then that I could do for my boys what you had done for him.

'You must have so many precious memories—his young life was such a joyful one and so surrounded by love.'

From Viscount Cranborne.

'My dear Lord Goschen,

'Words cannot express what one feels, but what Mama has told me about George makes me proud ever to have known him. All the time I knew him, both at Oxford and Eton, what was so delightful in him was that he was never excited or angry, and hated all that was unpleasant. So that it must have been especially hard for him, all the horror and beastliness of war. It was wonderful of him to conquer his disgust and to fight so magnificently. It must have been the greatest help to his men to have any one like that to lead them. Will you tell Lady Goschen how much I sympathise with her in her terrible loss? I cannot say how much I admire George, or how wonderful I think it was of him.

'Yrs ever,

'Cranborne.'

Extract from a letter from one of George's friends.

'. . . Somehow one finds it quite difficult to believe that he has really gone. So little in his life was of this world, so much was immortal. A good influence is everlasting, for the spirit cannot die, and his character and example remain and are with us still, aren't they? A few lines from Loyd (written from hospital) told me of his wonderful death. He says in his letter: "Your last message to Joss I could not give, for he passed away here two days ago; it is a terrible loss to us all."'

From S. G. Lubbock, Esq.

'*Eton College,*
'*Windsor,*
'*Feb. 20th,* 1916.

'Dear Lady Goschen,

'I fear you will think me very late in writing, but at the time I hardly liked to write to you in what must needs be a crushing grief. But I could not have you think I had forgotten so dear and blameless a boy, or that I did not feel with you more deeply than I can possibly say in your great and overwhelming loss. For I know how complete and intimate was the affec-

tion that united you all, and what a dear and devoted son he was. I shall always remember him with his gentleness and his quiet reserve of strength, and I feel I know in some degree how immense must be your sense of loss.

'Very sincerely yours,

'S. G. LUBBOCK.'

From the 'Eton Chronicle,' March 2nd, 1916.

'GEORGE GOSCHEN.

'George Goschen left Eton in 1912, and at the time had no idea of being a soldier. When the War broke out he joined the 5th Buffs, going with them to India in 1914. He was stationed in the Central Provinces for more than a year, during which time he worked at his profession, played in his regimental polo team, and passed an examination in Pushtu, learning—so said his examiners—in seven months what most people take eighteen to learn. Last November his regiment left for Mesopotamia; he endured cheerfully the many hardships of the journey up the Tigris, and in his first battle he received the wounds of which he died in hospital at Amara. He was "wounded in both wrists, but continued gallantly to lead his platoon until he was struck in the head by a shell." "One of the best,"

wrote one who was with him in India; "cheery at all times, keen on his work, popular with all."

'No one who knew him in his Eton days could have dreamed of that quiet, gentle boy leading his platoon under heavy fire, himself severely wounded; but those who knew his great sense of duty and his quiet reserve of strength, are not surprised at the event. It was a noble ending to a blameless life.'

Copy of letter from GEORGE *to* DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH.

'*5th Buffs, E.K.R.*
'*Bell Hotel, Sandwich.*
'*Sunday, October 25th.*

'Dear Mr. Dean,

'I must sincerely apologise for not having answered your most kind letter before, but we have been extremely busy with arrangements for our departure and I have not had much time for writing lately.

'It was most good of you to write and I was most touched by your letter. Thank God I can say that I have nothing on my mind with a clear conscience; although perhaps I have not made the most of the many opportunities I have had, and of late have grown rather slack in that way.

'I can feel now that I am at least making some use

of my hitherto rather valueless existence in serving my country and I can feel more than those who have ties, such as marriage and business, that I am completely free to serve my country wherever it may choose to send me and that in offering my services I am only making but a poor return for the many advantages I have had and perhaps not made use of in the best way.

'I shall certainly hope to return to Oxford on my return, though I quite think we shall be a year in India, if not more.

'Thanking you again for your letter,

'I remain,

'Yours very sincerely,

'GEORGE GOSCHEN.'

Copy of letter from the DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH *to* LORD GOSCHEN.

'*Christ Church,*

'22*nd January*, 1916.

'My dear Lord Goschen,

'I venture to write a line to express my deep sympathy with you in the loss of your son. He was one of those men whom I had always liked and admired, but with whom I was brought into much closer and more intimate sympathy by reason of the War. Since

he joined the Army I have had one or two letters from him, which are very precious to me. They show how high-minded and straight a man he was, and how simple and direct and self-forgetful was his patriotism. Besides all this that made him so lovable he had powers which gave me high hopes of his future. I hope he knew how sincerely I loved and trusted him. . . . Please forgive my very halting words, and believe me.

'Very faithfully yours,

'THOMAS B. STRONG.'

Letter from LIEUT. LEAF, 5th Buffs.

'6, *Sussex Place*,
'*Regent's Park, N.W.*
'24/10/16.

'Dear Lady Goschen,

'. . . All through the 8th (the day after the attack) we had crouched in our shallow trench to avoid the heavy fire but about dusk it diminished. Word was now passed down to me from "A" Company that Lieut. Goschen had been brought in, still alive, and was now lying behind their trench. I at once went off and found him just conscious. He could speak and recognised me: he did not complain of pain, but said he was very cold and thirsty, so I gave him some water and put a 'British Warm' over him. I next went to Major

Fraser and got permission to carry him in. Three men volunteered to help, but I cannot remember who they were except that Private James, from Mr. Hardcastle's platoon, was one. We had no stretcher, so improvised one by putting rifles through the sleeves of our jackets. After carrying him a quarter of a mile or so in this way, we discovered a stretcher which we commandeered. Joss still said that he was in no pain, but asked me to put something under his head. So I rolled up my jacket for a pillow, after which he was quite comfortable. About 8.30 p.m. we saw a light which proved to be the Dogras' Aid Post. Here Captain Sinton, I.M.S., bandaged Joss' head and gave him something to drink, though he said there was no hope. So we stumbled on through the darkness and finally reached the river at about 10 p.m. We at once went to the hospital, which we found already crowded. After much trouble we got him into a tent and covered him with blankets. There were only three other men in the tent, so it was not crowded. Then we got a doctor to examine him. We had heard that he had been wounded in the waist, so we undressed him, but only found a slight scratch near the neck. His right side was paralysed, but he managed to swallow some brandy and milk. He thanked us in the most touching way for every little thing we did for him. We asked the doctor how long he would live and he said he might live for three or four days but that he could not possibly

get well. After doing all we could we said good-bye to him, as we had to go back to the firing line . . .

We all loved your son—officers and men—as he was so kind and gentle, and I think that his death was the greatest sorrow that befell us that day.

'Yours very sincerely,

'CHARLES S. LEAF.'

GENERAL AYLMER'S ADDRESS TO THE 5TH BUFFS (WEALD OF KENT REGT.).

'Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men of the 5th Buffs—

'I come here now in the first place to thank you all for the valuable assistance you have rendered to me as your Brigade Commander in the Field.

'In the second place to congratulate you on the honour that you have brought to yourselves as a Battalion and to the distinguished Regiment in the Service.

'There is no more distinguished Regiment in the Service than the Buffs, and no more distinguished Battalion now in it than the Weald of Kent Battalion.

'No Battalion, no regular Battalion of seasoned soldiers, could have done better than you have done, and I cannot tell you how much I appreciate what you have done for me and the Forces.

'You are a credit to the Regiment you belong to, a credit to your County, Country, and Empire, and I thank you very much for all you have done for me.'

Letter from LORD AND LADY GOSCHEN *to the* VILLAGERS OF FLIMWELL, *thanking them for their sympathy:*

'*Seacox Heath,*
'*January,* 1917.

'TO OUR FRIENDS IN FLIMWELL.

'We wish to offer our heartfelt thanks to all our friends in Flimwell for the sympathy you have shown to us during these sad days. We like to feel that you are sharing in our loss, for Mr. George was known to you all, and was devoted to his home and all its surroundings. He never wrote a letter without asking to be remembered to all at home, and the last words he ever wrote, written on the banks of the Tigris on Christmas Eve, were: "Remember me to everybody at Seacox." In our abiding sorrow we feel proud to think that he has laid down his life for his King and Country, and that he died a soldier's death, for though wounded in both wrists he refused to stop, but continued gallantly to lead his platoon until he was struck by a bullet.

'We must keep our courage high in memory of

what he has done for us, and we would ask you with us not to dwell on our loss, but on his triumphant end. As the trumpets rang out the regimental call in the church he loved so well, we felt it was just a call to him to a higher service, and we could almost see him with a smile on his face cheerfully answering to it.

'He has gone, but he has left us a most happy memory, and an example we may all wish to follow.

'His was the gentlest and happiest nature we ever knew. In the twenty-one years of his life we can look back to no hour of care and anxiety, to no moment of selfishness or irritation. Always bright, always cheery, loving life and all it brought him, he always thought of others, and when the time came was ready to lay down for them his young life so full of promise. He never wanted to be a soldier, but when war broke out, inspired by a feeling of ardent patriotism, his immediate desire was to fight for his Country. The one principle that guided his life was duty: quiet and gentle as he was, when once he thought duty called him, nothing could stop him from obeying that call.

'We think very reverently of that stainless young life, but we feel sure that it has not been wasted.

'The memory of it and others will live for ever, and we believe that he is still fulfilling its uncompleted promise. If, as we hope, you will sometimes think of him, we would ask you to remember him as a gallant English gentleman, who tried to do his duty, and now

rests in peace, well content to have made the great sacrifice for his Country.

'We are sure he would like us to think of him in these words: "If I should die, think only this of me, that there's some corner of a foreign field which is for ever England."

'Your friends,

'EVELYN GOSCHEN,

'GOSCHEN.'

L'ENVOI.

'"*THEN*," *said he*, "... *My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage and my courage and skill to him that can get it—my marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness that I have fought His battles Who will now be my rewarder.*" *When the day that he must go hence was come many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went he said*, "*Death, where is thy sting?*" *And as he went down deeper he said*, "*Grave, where is thy victory?*" *So he passed over and all the trumpets sounded on the other side.*'

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

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